RADWAY'S
SAPARILLIAN
OLVENT.
E GREAT
D PURIFIER!
s as Seen and Felt
ey Daily Occur!
USING A FEW DOSES.
, disappearance of weakness, lan-
y, increase and hardness of flesh
creases, appetite improves, relish
e sour eructations or waterbrash,
um and undisturbed sleep, awaken
ce of spots, blotches, pimples; the
and healthy, the urine changed
and cloudy appearance to a clear
color; water passes freely from the
the urethra without pain or scald-
diment; no pain or weakness.
inution of quantity and frequency
weakening discharges (if albicter
certainty of permanent cure. In-
exhibited in the secreting glands
harmony restored to the several
on the white of the eyes, and the
appearance of the skin changed to a
healthy color.
ring from weak or ulcerated lungs
realize great benefit in expectorat-
ough phlem or mucuous from the
ronchi or windpipe, throat or head;
requency of cough, general increase
ghout the system; stoppage of night
s and feeling of weakness around
, shoulders, ect.; cessation of cold
of suffocation, hard breathing and
gh on lying down or arising in the
ese distressing symptoms gradually
pear.
r day the SARSAPARILLIAN is
of returning health will appear; as
es in purity and strength disease
d all foreign and impure deposits,
ancers, hard lumps, etc., be resolved
ained made sound and healthy
es, chronic skin diseases gradually
ere the system has been salivated
Quicksilver, Corrosive Sublimate
d and become deposited in the
causing caries of the bones, ulce-
tures, contortions, white swellings,
tc., the SARSAPARILLIAN will
ese deposits and exterminate the
se from the system.
are taking these medicines for the
Scrofulous or Syphilitic diseases,
ay be the cure, "feel better" and
health improving, their flesh and
or even keeping its ours, it is a
e cure is progressing. In these dis-
ot either gets better or worse—the
se is not inactive; if not arrested
the blood it will spread and continue
the constitution. As certainly as the
LIAN makes the patient "fee
ur you will grow better and increase
th and flesh.
er of this remedy is in diseases that
es in
SUMPTION
ed Tuberculous Phthisis, Scrofula,
ses, Wasting, Degeneration, and
e Kidneys, Diabetes, Stoppage of
eous relief afforded where catheters
thus doing away with the painful
ing these instruments), dissolving
der, and in all cases of
tion of the Bladder
and Kidneys,
of Lucorrhea and Uterine diseases.
eedes, hard lumps, and syphiloid
er; in venereal sore throats, ulcers,
of the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia,
cets; in mercurial deposits—it is in
rms of disease, where the human
a complete wreck and where every
is to torture, wherein this great rem-
the astonishment and admiration of
such cases, where all the pleasures
ar out and flee from the unfortunate, and
almost supernatural agency it re-
es to a life and new existence, where
dy stands alone in its might and
skin diseases that every one is
abled with a few doses will in most
w bottles in the more aggravated
permanent cure.
tains more of the active principles
any other Preparation. Taken in
es, while others require
Dollar per Bottle.
R. R. R.
DWAY'S
DY RELIEF
RES AND PREVENTS
RH, DIARRHŒA,
OLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE
TISM,
RALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA
ROAT,
ICULT BREATHING.
Complaints,
ches, Cholera Morbus, or painful
the bowels are stopped in 15 or 20
ge Radway's Ready Relief. No con-
mation, no weakness or lassitude,
se of the Ready Relief.
was the First and is the
PAIN REMEDY
tops the most excruciating pains,
on, and cures Congestion, whether
stomach, Bowels, or other glands or
pplication,
E TO TWENTY MINUTES,
olent or excruciating the pain the
Ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous,
strained with disease may suffer.
y's Ready Relief
WILL
D INSTANT EASE!
n of the Kidneys, Inflam-
the Bladder, Inflammation
s, Congestion of the Lungs,
, Difficult Breathing, Pal-
the Heart, Hysterics, Croup
, Catarrh, Influenza, Head-
nche, Neuralgia, Rheuma-
Chills, Ague Chills, Chil-
st Bites, Bruises, Summer
, Coughs, Colds, Sprains,
Chest, Back or Limbs are
lieved.
of the Ready Relief to the part or
pain or difficulty exists will afford
drops in half a tumbler of water will
s cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stom-
Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentry,
Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S
with you. A few drops in water
ness or pains from change of water.
French brandy or bitters as a stimu-
ER AND AGUE.
AGUE cured for fifty cents. There
agent in this world that will cure
, and all other Malarious, Bilious
, Yellow, and other Fever (aided by
ILLS,) so quick as RADWAY'S
y Cents per Bottle.
ADWAY'S
ATING PILLS.
rgatives, Soothing Aperi-
Without Pain, Always
ble and Natural in
ir Operations.
le Substitute for Calomel.
lless, elegantly coated with sweet
ulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen
LS, for the cure of all Disorders o
ver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Ner-
Headache, Constipation, Costiveness,
ppepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflam-
ris, Piles, and all derangements of
cera. Warranted to effect a perfect
getable, containing no mercury, min-
ous drugs.
the following symptoms resulting
the Digestive Organs: Constipation,
hiness of the Blood in the Head,
omach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust
se or Weight in the Stomach, Sour
king or Fluttering at the Heart
ering Sensations when in a lying
e of Vision, Dots or Webs Before the
d Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency
Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes,
Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes
in the Flesh.
Radway's Pills will free the
he above-named disorders.
, 25 Cents per Box.
the reader must consult our book;
e subject of diseases and their cure
be named:
d True."
on Irritable Urethra,"
Scrofula,"
ng to different classes of Disease
LD BY DRUGGISTS.
FALSE AND TRUE"
stamp to RADWAY & CO
ron, Corner Church Street
worth thousands will be sent you,
THE PUBLIC.
he better guarantee of the value o
ld established R. R. R. REMEDIES
d worthless imitations of them, as
Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be
Radway's, and see that the name
is on what you buy. never

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

VOLUME XLI.—NO. 28. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882. WHOLE NUMBER 2100.

MASS. HORTICULTURAL SOC. APR. 8 1882 BOSTON.
MASS. BOSTON.

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

Official Organ of the N. E. Agricultural Society

ISSUED WEEKLY AT "PLOUGHMAN BUILDING," No. 43 Milk Street, (cor. Devonshire St.) [Opposite the New Post Office,] BOSTON.

GEO. NOYES Ploughman Company, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$2.50 per annum in advance. $3.00 if not paid in advance. Single copies SIX CENTS.

☞ No paper discontinued except at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

☞ The PLOUGHMAN offers great advantages to advertisers. Its circulation is large and among the most active and intelligent portion of the community.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—One square of eight lines, one insertion, $1.00; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.

☞ Postage on the PLOUGHMAN is 15 cents a year within the United States.

Editorial.

INTELLIGENT APPLICATION OF MANURES.

Since it has become evident to intelligent farmers that in many localities certain money crops can be grown to a larger profit by the use of commercial fertilizers, the manufacture of such fertilizers has been greatly extended, and the number of kinds offered in the market largely increased. The amount sold is enormous, and is yearly increasing.

As this is really a new departure in agriculture, to work to the best advantage requires new thoughts and a knowledge of new processes, or mistakes will be very likely to occur. As long as the farmer confined himself to barn manure, he was applying to his crops all the elements of plant food, but not always in the right proportions; yet by rotation of crops, he equalized the draft on the different elements, so that in the course of a few years there was but little waste; but as soon as he commenced to force his crops, by applying with his barn manure concentrated fertilizers, he needed to know the elements of plant food, the chemical constituents of the manure applied, the particular material deficient in the barn manure for the growth of the crop to be grown, and the source from which a supply can be obtained the cheapest. For the want of this knowledge, many expensive mistakes have been made, and frequently the commercial fertilizers condemned as of no value. He who attempts to apply concentrated fertilizers without some knowledge of plant growth, and the chemical constituents of manures, must not be surprised if the result is not satisfactory, because it is so very easy to make a mistake by misapplication of materials. For example, he may desire to grow a crop of clover, and having studied the chemical constituents of plants enough to learn that clover is rich in nitrogen, without further investigation he concludes that the fertilizer to be applied should be rich in nitrogen, which being a material of the highest cost, makes the outlay much larger than it would be, if rich in potash or phosphate, and yet, not half as good for the growth of the clover, because careful experiments have proved that clover gathers most, if not all, of its nitrogen indirectly from the air. The farmer not getting the benefit he expected, is ready to condemn the fertilizer rich in nitrogen; so when he desires to grow wheat, having learned that seeds are rich in phosphates, he drops the nitrogen, and applies only phosphates, with no better success than with the nitrogen. A little investigation would teach him that the wheat while growing requires large quantities of nitrogen, which was found of so little use for the clover.

When commercial fertilizers are applied in connection with barn manure, the loss is not as great as when applied alone, if a mistake is made, because the manure having some of all of the elements of plant food, no element will be entirely deficient; yet it will be readily seen, by applying the wrong element, the advantages will be very slight, if any. For example, if the farmer has purchased two fertilizers, one composed principally of phosphoric acid, and the other of potash, and he wishes to apply them to a field of corn, and a field of potatoes, if he should apply the potash to the corn and the phosphoric acid to his potatoes, he would not get as good results as he would to reverse them, applying the potash to the potatoes, and the phosphate to the corn; yet if he applies them in connection with manure he would not lose as much as he would if he should try to grow corn with all potash, and potatoes with all phosphate.

No farmer should attempt to rely entirely on concentrated fertilizers, until he has made himself familiar with the terms phosphate, potash, and nitrogen, the three most important elements of plant food that he is called upon to supply to the growing plants. Having made himself familiar with the name and character of each fertilizer, he should not begin to use them unmixed with barn manure, until he has made himself acquainted with what are believed to be the proper proportions of each, to best promote the growth of the particular crop to be grown.

The analysis of the different plants will tell what the plants are composed of; but this is not all we want; for if we should follow the analysis in applying the right proportion of phosphate, potash and nitrogen, we should make a mistake, and apply to many crops more than twice as much nitrogen as required. As this is the most costly of the three, it is evident that there would be a great waste in so doing. All crops get a considerable portion of their nitrogen from the air, not directly, but it first enters the soil in the descending rain and the air, where it unites with other materials, and is thus prepared for plant food.

We have, no doubt, much yet to learn in regard to the best methods of attracting the nitrogen of the air, so it can be made available for plant food. Every step of progress we make in this direction is important, because it teaches us how to utilise, for our benefit, the silent forces of nature. There is no occupation which man ever engaged in, that opens more widely extended fields for investigation, than agriculture. The rapid progress we are now making calls for more than ordinary exertions on the part of the farmer, to keep up with the times; he rapidly falls behind unless he constantly and carefully reads some good agricultural paper, and frequently attends agricultural meetings for discussions.

Dr. J. R. Nichols, in his address before the Essex Agricultural Society, speaks of the importance of establishing schools of instruction for farmers, by way of a course of practical lectures, and suggests for a course six lectures on fertilizers, six lectures upon soils, six on how plants grow, and six on milk, cream, butter and cheese.

This is an important suggestion; and with the present reasonable prospect of securing an Agricultural Experiment Station at Amherst, there is no reason at all why a suggestion of so much importance should not be successfully carried out, and we believe it to be one that will challenge an instantaneous welcome throughout the agricultural community. The illustrations which could accompany the lectures, and the practical work of compounding fertilizers, would be much more fully impressed upon the minds of the farmers than the reading of the most elaborate treatise. How plants grow, and how to feed them, is an interesting and important subject, and one on which we want more light, if we would expend both labor and material on our farms to the best advantage. For at that centre the science of agriculture will be continually reduced to practice. There will be collected and concentrated there all the tested and proven resources for the thorough instruction of farmers which diligent study can supply. And from that common centre of the highest agricultural intelligence will diverge streams of positive knowledge through the Farmers' Institutes, Farmers' Clubs, and other agricultural conventions and meetings throughout the State, which will invite discussion, multiply information, inspire lecturers, and carry practical instruction to every farmer in Massachusetts. Lectures can then be multiplied indefinitely on a constantly increasing stock of actual knowledge, and every lecture will be a verification as well as a translation of theories previously reduced to practise.

THE ASPARAGUS BED.

Among the first things in the garden to claim attention in the spring, is the asparagus bed. If the bed was covered last autumn, as it should have been, with a good coat of manure, as soon as the frost is well out of the ground, the soil under the manure will be very fine and loose. If one has but a small bed the manure can be forked in, but if a large field then it should be lightly ploughed in with a small one horse plough, providing the plants have been set at the proper depth, say six inches below the surface.

By stirring the soil early in the spring the noxious plants that live through the winter are killed with less labor; and the light and warmth is let into the soil; so that the asparagus starts earlier and with more vigor.

The old method of trying to kill the weeds by the application of large quantities of salt has been abandoned by many of our most successful cultivators. Salt may check the growth of weeds, but it never keeps them down, during the entire season; its use has been abandoned by some because careful observation has taught that the asparagus was injured, as well as the weeds; not growing as large, and the flavor not being as good.

To keep the weeds out of asparagus is not difficult or expensive, if care be taken to apply manure that is free from weed seeds, and no weeds are permitted to grow long enough to ripen their seed. Two careful hoeings and one weeding, in a season is sufficient after the land has once been cleared of weed seeds. One hoeing should be done during the cutting season, and one at the close of the cutting season, after the plants get two feet high; if the last hoeing be well done there will be but little further trouble, because before another crop of weeds can come up, the ground will be so shaded that they cannot grow; but it is always well to go through the bed in early autumn, and pull out any weeds that chance to escape.

In cutting asparagus no small stalks should be left, but it should be cut clean, and never cut after the 20th of June; when the season is warm and early, not after the 15th, and new beds should not be cut as late as old beds, by two weeks.

Many asparagus beds are badly injured by cutting until July, some cut even later than this, and then are at loss to know why their asparagus comes up so thin and so small.

SPRING CARE OF CURRANT AND GOOSEBERRY BUSHES.

As soon as the frost is well out of the ground currant and gooseberry bushes should receive attention. First, by trimming off all dead branches, and such of the live ones as are necessary to bring the bush into proper shape; then the land should receive a liberal dressing of good well decomposed manure, or, what would be still better, a light dressing of manure and a liberal dressing of ground bone, say six pounds to the square rod.

Whatever implement is used to loosen up the soil and cover the fertilizers should not penetrate the soil very deep, as the roots of both the currant and gooseberry bush naturally grow very near the surface, and those that run the nearest to the surface are the most important feeding roots. Many plantations of currant bushes have been very much injured by ploughing the land and cutting off all of the spreading feeding roots. It is important to stir the soil early in the season, and great care should be taken to clean out every tuft of grass, or other plants that have survived the winter, as success in growing these fruits is made much more sure by clean culture; clean culture is maintained throughout the season, with very much less labor, by beginning early in the spring; it pays well to be particular to kill out all noxious plants quite early in the season.

If the land is light and is inclined to be dry, a mulching of pine leaves, coarse hay, or any perishable vegetation that can be obtained at a low price can be used at a profit; for even a light mulching has a wonderful effect on the growth of both the currant and gooseberry, and at the same time very much lessens the labor of cultivation, and keeps the fruit clean, also make it more comfortable for those who pick the fruit.

If new plantations are to be set, an effort should be made to set them as early as possible, after the frost has left the ground and the earth is dry enough to work well. Many make a mistake by setting both currant and gooseberry bushes in May; it is true, most of them will live set late in the season, but if set early in April, the result is much more satisfactory. Some believe in setting in the autumn but we prefer to set early in the spring. Currant bushes that are to be grown from cuttings should be cut off and set in the autumn, or cut and packed in moist earth, and kept in a cool cellar; thus kept, they may be set quite late in the spring with good results.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

GROWING THE QUINCE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Reading an article in the Feb. 11th number of the *Ploughman* on Quinces, I would like to ask you a few questions about their culture.

First,—What time of year should they be set out?

Second,—Should a large hole be dug and manure be put in before the bush is set, or should the manure be applied to the surface?

Third,—Would quinces do well on land with a gravel bottom?

Fourth,—At what time of the year does the blight trouble them, and at what time of the year should the wash of lime and sulphur be applied to prevent it?

By answering these questions you will oblige a reader of the *Ploughman*.

Hollister, March 24th, 1882. W. H. T.

First,—The quince should be set in the spring, the last week in April or the first week in May.

Second,—The land should be prepared by ploughing ten inches deep and thoroughly pulverized, and at the same time mixing a liberal dressing of manure with the soil. Manure in a fresh state should never be put in the hole where it is to come in direct contact with the roots of the trees. If it cannot be thoroughly mixed with the soil, it is better to apply it on the surface as a mulch; but even on the surface it should not come in contact with the trunk of the tree. If the ground is well prepared it is not necessary to dig a large hole.

Third,—Yes, if not too dry. If dry it should be kept moist by heavy mulching.

Fourth,—Not always at the same time, but frequently in July. We have but little faith in either lime or sulphur, but should prefer the sulphur. We have a theory that the trouble with the quince is old age. The trees have for nearly, if not quite a century, been grown from cuttings, and thus the old life is continued with all of its weakness. Remedy, set trees that have recently come from seedlings.—[Ed.

BEES INJURING FRUIT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I see by an article in the last *Ploughman* that the old question as to bees injuring fruit has been revived. Whether they can thus injure grapes I am unable to say, but I have had positive proof that they do not require the assistance of other insects to ruin good peaches, from having seen them light upon a perfectly round peach, and on quitting in leaving a brown spot of about the size of a dime. Whether they puncture the fruit or only suck its juice out through the skin is a matter of very little consequence, so long as the fact remains that the fruit may be ruined through their agency alone.

Perhaps the republication of the enclosed article will be found to be the best answer to the article in your last.

Yours very truly, James A. Bazin.

Ponkapog, Mass., March 25, 1882.

[From the *Mass. Ploughman* of Oct. 22., 1853.]

BEES VERSUS CRICKETS.

"To Bee—or not to Bee—That is the question."

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

A writer in the *Evening Journal*—some owner of bees, perhaps—has been trying to convince the cultivators of fruit that the myriads of bees which infest the peach orchards, could never have done any mischief if the crickets, which not one person in a hundred has ever been able to find, had not first bored the holes for them. If the writer of the article had taken one hundredth part the pains to watch the bees that he must have taken to find the cricket that he speaks of, he would have found that the bees are not only able to bore the holes themselves, but that they almost invariably select the best and soundest fruit for the purpose. But even admitting that more than one cricket had been detected in being beforehand with the bees in their depredations, it yet remains questionable whether a strict regard to honesty will admit of keeping any kind of stock without providing some other means of feeding it than what can be obtained from the produce of a neighbor's land. If the owner of bees would do what they are bound in honor, if not in law to do—provide some kind of food for them—the owners of the fruit could then be able to hunt for the crickets without danger of awakening the wrong passenger, as is likely to be the case where the delinquents cannot be less than five hundred to one. A very simple remedy for the evil might be found in the cultivation of buckwheat. For, as this continues in bloom all over through the summer and is more suitable food for bees than any kind of fruit, the latter would be very seldom if ever attacked. Will Wasp.

Peach Mountain.

SOWING SEEDS.

Joseph Harris of Rochester, in his new seed catalogue, gives his young customers some good directions about sowing garden seeds. He says they should be covered only deep enough to keep moist, and that small seeds, such as of lettuce, radish, Drummond phlox, aster, verbena and pansy, need not be covered deeper than a sheet of writing paper is thick. If pressed into the soil and kept moist, they need not be covered at all. Petunia seeds are easily covered so deep that they will not grow, while peas will grow if covered two or three inches deep. We may add to the above that for out-door planting it is a good rule to cover seeds to a depth of three to five times their diameter and no more, so that large seeds like corn and peas will be many times deeper than the minute seeds of the portulaca. All must have the three requisites of warmth, moisture and air, (but not light,) and if buried too deep the air will be excluded. Peter Henderson finds great benefit in covering the seed, after pressing it into the soil, with a thin coat of finely pulverized moss, evenly sifted on, and watered with a fine rose.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ A farmer writing to an exchange says: I had a mare some years ago that had a large wart on her side where the harness had kept it sore. In summer flies made it worse. To prevent this, I put on a good daub of tar, and in a few weeks the wart was killed and disappeared. I have frequently tried it since on cattle and horses, and seldom had occasion to use a second application. The remedy is simple and effectual.

☞ Under a decision of the United States court, just rendered, hay is declared to be not a manufactured article, and it can therefore be imported into this country from Canada for a duty of only 10 per cent, instead of the 20 per cent heretofore exacted. Several million dollars' worth have annually come into the country with the latter tariff, and the amount is quite certain to be increased, now that the tariff is practically reduced one-half.

JERSEY COW "BERTHA MORGAN."

The $2300 Jersey Butter Cow, owned by Willis P. Hazard, Westchester, Penn.

Bertha Morgan, whose picture we present today, has now become famous both for her milk, and the high price she has commanded. She was recently purchased by Willis P. Hazard for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, having been selected by that judge to take her place at the head of the herd of Valency E. Fuller, Esq., of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, alongside of the bull "Welcome," the son of "Le Brocq's Prize," that is valued at $5,000—and he is also brother of "Noble," recently sold in Jersey for £150, or 750 dollars Welcome took the Grenon prize over all Jersey last year, and was selected by Mr. Hazard as the best bull he could buy on the Island, for quality, shape, color, and fine carveline escutchion; he cost 300 guineas, the highest price paid in Jersey for a bull.

Bertha Morgan, 4770, was dropped April 20, 1873, by Patterson's Beauty, 4760, and was sired by imported Lopez, 313; she was named by Mr. Morgan who raised her. Her dam could not be bought for $10,000, and is the last thing her owner would sell; she has made 15 lbs of butter.

Bertha herself made in January last, 19 pounds 8 ounces in one week. There have been only eight cows in the United States that have made more butter in one week than Bertha Morgan; and she is now not only now living, so that she is nearly the best cow in the country; and is the only cow in Campbell Brown's list of butter cows with a record of over 18 pounds, whose dam also made 18 pounds. Besides, she has two sisters with records of over 15 pounds, and her daughters promise equally well, showing the wonderful power the strain has to transmit their butter qualities.

THE WORCESTER AGRICULTURAL FAIR, 1881.

BY J. T. LYNDE.

Official Report to the State Board of Agriculture.

Your delegate appointed to visit and report to this Board the Fair of the Worcester Agricultural Society, submits his report as follows: The Fair was held at Worcester, September 7th, 8th and 9th, in connection with the Fair of the New England Agricultural Society, and the combined Fair was a magnificent success.

From all parts of New England there was gathered the choicest herds and specimens of animals, of thoroughbred and native stock in numbers and kinds too numerous to mention. This is true also respecting swine, sheep, poultry and horses.

The trial of strength of draft horses and working oxen and the ploughing match was hotly contested, and witnessed by a large number of spectators with great interest.

The display of flowers, fruits, vegetables, sewing machines, musical instruments and fancy work, was in the large hall of the skating rink, which with its fountain and electric lights and its arrangement under the direction of our honored associate, Mr. Hadwen, was most enchanting and beautiful than the fabled oriental gardens of the Gods.

The collection of fine arts was in Horticultural Hall, making three grand divisions of the exhibition.

The Fair was graced by the attendance of men from different parts of the country, occupying high and important stations and eminent in the different avocations in life. Among them was His Excellency the Governor, and General Sherman of the United States Army.

It is impossible for your delegate to separate the New England Fair from that of the Worcester Agricultural Society; they were merged and indistinguishable, so united and incorporated with each other, that he is uncertain at this moment, concerning which Fair he is reporting and desires the individual members of the Board to take their choice.

The Fair was vast in proportions, perfect in arrangements, and the programme was executed in a most efficient manner. Nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion—only the shade of the great national sorrow, in view of the suffering of the stricken dying President Garfield who was remembered in a most appropriate, divine service, conducted in the large tent on the grounds by the Rev. Mr. Sampson of Worcester.

☞ In China, adulterators of food are killed as public enemies.

☞ Five hundred Danish farmers have located in Falls county, Texas.

☞ The value or richness of animal manure depends always largely on the kind of feed given the animal.

☞ If sheep well managed pay handsome dividends they also require much careful and experienced attention.

☞ Every rural family that has a home should have a few hives of bees. Nothing of so little cost will yield so large a profit.

☞ It would be much better if horses were trained to walk fast, than to trot and run. A farmer needs good walking, but cares nothing for 2:40 trotting.

☞ The exports of pork, meats and lard from all points in the United States and Canada, from November 1, 1881, to January 21, 1882, were 323,595,825 pounds, a decrease of 97,903,503 pounds the same time the previous year.

☞ To insure success in bee keeping it requires a vigilant eye, and a proper amount of industry, together with a good location for bees; a good movable-frame hive and plenty of bee pasture.

☞ Prof. Beal, at the Michigan Agricultural College, has one thousand different grasses and clovers growing, each in a separate bed, in the garden attached to the College. It has taken several years to make the collection, to which additions are constantly being made.

☞ White beans from Germany are sold in the New York market from $3.10 to $3.50 per bushel. White American beans are scarce at $5. The cause is the drouth of last summer. Such a state of the market is unprecedented. The duty on beans is 10 per cent, and 24 per cent for seedlings. Usually this is prohibitory on account of the plentiful crops in this country. Dealers in American beans estimate that about 500,000 bushels of beans have been imported.

☞ Farmers are often at a loss how to clean an old pork barrel, making it fresh and sweet. We have seen the following plan recommended: It is simply to fill the tainted oask or barrel with fresh earth; let it stand a couple of days, when this should be emptied and more earth put in. After two or three days empty this out, and to make assurance doubly sure, invert the barrel and burn under it some bits of cloth saturated with solutions of sulphur or brimstone.—*Exchange.*

☞ It will scarcely be denied that the Lima is the best of all beans. In connection with its cultivation two mistakes are often made. The first is in not setting the poles before the beans are planted; the second, in not setting them so deep that they will withstand the power of Summer gales when the vines cover them. The poles should be six feet long at least and firmly set not less than 18 inches deep, and placed four by two feet apart. Plant five beans around each pole and cultivate often enough to keep the ground mellow and to destroy all weeds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Apiary.

QUEEN CELLS.

[Grange Bulletin.]

Queen cells are those which resemble peanuts so much on the side of the combs, and are usually constructed so as to hang perpendicular, (they are much larger than any of the other cells in the comb) which causes the queen to be developed with her head downward, and allows the organs of reproduction to be fully developed. The queen cell is sometimes built around the egg, and at other times the egg is carried by the workers and placed in the cell, and royal jelly is also placed in the cell with the egg, which helps with that of the cell, to change its nature from that of a worker to that of a royal queen. Her royalty passes about three days in the egg, five days a grub or larvæ, during which time the workers deposit so much royal food in the cell that the larvæ fairly floats in the jelly-like mass. The cell is then closed by the workers and the larvæ commences to spin its cocoon, which occupies about twenty-four hours. The tenth, eleventh and twelfth days it remains in complete repose; then it is that transformation takes place, in which four days are passed, and generally on the sixteenth day the perfect state of the queen is attained. When she first emerges from the cell she seeks her own food like any other bee. No very particular attention is paid to her until after her impregnation; but as soon as that has taken place, she is at once recognized and constantly attended by the worker bees. But her attendants are not any special or certain bees set apart for that purpose, as is often stated by some writers, but whenever the queen moves among the bees they seem to detail themselves in sufficient numbers for the purpose of feeding and caressing her in all her labors—especially so while she is in the act of laying eggs in the cells.

BEES.

As soon as a hive becomes populous it would be better to remove frames of hatching brood, and give them to weak colonies than to put on surplus boxes. Frames containing weaker combs should be put in place of removed brood, and some spiarists claim that it is best not to separate brood combs, but to place these empty frames at the side instead of the brood nest. Bee-keeping is a knowledge of small items, and good judgment must be exercised in the practice of it. Thus in building up weak colonies, at the expense of the strong, if we are not very careful we will soon have the best ones in the same condition that the poor ones were formerly; but if the latter are built up and taken away no faster than the strong one can bear, and the colony is stimulated with feed, the apiary will be benefitted by the exchange. A good way to feed during stormy weather is to uncap frames of sealed honey and put it in the place of the empty comb.

During weed time remember the winged stock and put in a tid-bit for them. Sweet clover, mignonette, borage, mustard, etc., will bring quick returns, and when setting out trees do not forget the linden.

STIMULATIVE BROOD REARING

[Indiana Farmer.]

It is not necessary that an ordinary sized colony of bees should occupy the entire brood apartment of the hives. Indeed it is much preferable that they be confined on as few combs as they will well cover. So long as the queen has room to lay, there is no danger from over crowding, care being taken that they do not run short of stores. With the reduced space to occupy they can much better keep up the requisite heat for necessary brood rearing. After the combs which they occupy, become well filled with brood, more room should be given them, by spreading the brood and inserting an empty comb in the centre of the brood nest. If on examination the centre combs are found quite full, while those on the side yet contain room, it is better to change position of the combs without adding more, until all the comb in the hive is filled very close up to the top car. Just here we wish to caution you about spreading the brood too fast. So long as the queen has room in which to lay they do not require any more room. Brood rearing proceeds very slowly in the early part of the season, and it takes them quite a while to fill the first four or five combs which they occupy with brood, and the cluster increases very slowly, the old bees dying off quite as fast as the young ones increase. In confining the bees to a few combs it necessitates the use of a division board, and they should be kept covered up as warm as possible to assist them in retaining the necessary heat. It is very essential that all colonies be made good and strong by the time the honey harvest begins, and to do this it is necessary that operation be commenced five or six weeks before that time. The first thing to be done is to give all colonies a thorough examination, ascertain the condition of the colony and the amount of stores on hand, remembering that as soon as brood rearing commences, the stores will be consumed very rapidly and unless they have plenty, provision must be made to supply their needs, and when feeding is once commenced it must be continued until such time as they can gather a sufficiency to keep them going.

☞ There is no dog law in Tennessee to protect sheep, but a writer from that part says in the *Country Gentleman* that he built a pen with rails, commencing at the ground and gradually drawing in each additional course of rails, like a bird trap, until sufficiently high to prevent a dog from jumping out, leaving the top open. "I then put into this a sheep that had been killed. It will readily be seen that a dog could easily get on the top of the pen from the outside and jump in, but it was impossible for him to get out. My pen was a complete success, and so far I have not had a single sheep bitten outside of that pen by a dog. I will not say how many dogs I caught in my pen."

Correspondence.

THE CRUEL "CAPONIZER."

To the Editor Mass. Ploughman:

I have just finished reading an article in the *Ploughman* copied from the *Ohio Farmer*, entitled "What I know about Caponizing," purporting to be written by "Fanny Field," the *nom de plume*, it is reasonable to suppose, of a woman.

Until now I must confess I had not fully understood the meaning of the term "capon," and I regret having been informed of it by one of my own sex—or regret the *purpose* of the information—for this information, it seems, is not given for the sake of suppressing or punishing a diabolical practice, but on the contrary, for the avowed intention of instructing amateurs in the art.

What a pity that the craving appetite of mankind cannot be satiated without subjecting the lower creation to these ignoble tortures. Where shall we draw this line between brute hunger and human degeneracy in the nature of an individual who would proceed thus with a living fowl? "Draw the wings back and fasten with a strip of cloth; draw the legs back and tie with another strip; then let some one hold the fowl firmly on the table, one hand on the legs, the other holding the wings and head, while you perform the operation," which is as follows:

"The point to make the incision is a spot near the hip joint and between the last two ribs. Draw the skin backward, so that it may slip forward again after the operation to cover the wound in the flesh; pick off the feathers from a space an inch square or so, and with a sharp knife make a cut an inch and a half long through the skin, then another through the flesh between the ribs, and lastly through the thin membrane that lines the abdominal cavity, taking care not to injure the intestines, and be sure that you make a clean cut every time—no ragged edges. Separate the ribs by attaching one of the hooks on the splint to each and then spreading with that of the cord, to change its nature from that of a worker to that of a royal queen. Her royalty passes about three days in the egg, five days a grub or larvæ, during which time the workers deposit so much royal food in the cell that the larvæ fairly floats in the jelly-like mass. The cell is then closed by the workers and the larvæ commences to spin its cocoon, which occupies about twenty-four hours. The tenth, eleventh and twelfth days it remains in complete repose; then it is that transformation takes place, in which four days are passed, and generally on the sixteenth day the perfect state of the queen is attained. When she first emerges from the cell she seeks her own food like any other bee. No very particular attention is paid to her until after her impregnation; but as soon as that has taken place, she is at once recognized and constantly attended by the worker bees. But her attendants are not any special or certain bees set apart for that purpose, as is often stated by some writers, but whenever the queen moves among the bees they seem to detail themselves in sufficient numbers for the purpose of feeding and caressing her in all her labors—especially so while she is in the act of laying eggs in the cells.

BEES.

As soon as a hive becomes populous it would be better to remove frames of hatching brood, and give them to weak colonies than to put on surplus boxes. Frames containing weaker combs should be put in place of removed brood, and some spiarists claim that it is best not to separate brood combs, but to place these empty frames at the side instead of the brood nest. Bee-keeping is a knowledge of small items, and good judgment must be exercised in the practice of it. Thus in building up weak colonies, at the expense of the strong, if we are not very careful we will soon have the best ones in the same condition that the poor ones were formerly; but if the latter are built up and taken away no faster than the strong one can bear, and the colony is stimulated with feed, the apiary will be benefitted by the exchange. A good way to feed during stormy weather is to uncap frames of sealed honey and put it in the place of the empty comb.

During weed time remember the winged stock and put in a tid-bit for them. Sweet clover, mignonette, borage, mustard, etc., will bring quick returns, and when setting out trees do not forget the linden.

STIMULATIVE BROOD REARING

[Indiana Farmer.]

It is not necessary that an ordinary sized colony of bees should occupy the entire brood apartment of the hives. Indeed it is much preferable that they be confined on as few combs as they will well cover. So long as the queen has room to lay, there is no danger from over crowding, care being taken that they do not run short of stores. With the reduced space to occupy they can much better keep up the requisite heat for necessary brood rearing. After the combs which they occupy, become well filled with brood, more room should be given them, by spreading the brood and inserting an empty comb in the centre of the brood nest. If on examination the centre combs are found quite full, while those on the side yet contain room, it is better to change position of the combs without adding more, until all the comb in the hive is filled very close up to the top car. Just here we wish to caution you about spreading the brood too fast. So long as the queen has room in which to lay they do not require any more room. Brood rearing proceeds very slowly in the early part of the season, and it takes them quite a while to fill the first four or five combs which they occupy with brood, and the cluster increases very slowly, the old bees dying off quite as fast as the young ones increase. In confining the bees to a few combs it necessitates the use of a division board, and they should be kept covered up as warm as possible to assist them in retaining the necessary heat. It is very essential that all colonies be made good and strong by the time the honey harvest begins, and to do this it is necessary that operation be commenced five or six weeks before that time. The first thing to be done is to give all colonies a thorough examination, ascertain the condition of the colony and the amount of stores on hand, remembering that as soon as brood rearing commences, the stores will be consumed very rapidly and unless they have plenty, provision must be made to supply their needs, and when feeding is once commenced it must be continued until such time as they can gather a sufficiency to keep them going.

☞ There is no dog law in Tennessee to protect sheep, but a writer from that part says in the *Country Gentleman* that he built a pen with rails, commencing at the ground and gradually drawing in each additional course of rails, like a bird trap, until sufficiently high to prevent a dog from jumping out, leaving the top open. "I then put into this a sheep that had been killed. It will readily be seen that a dog could easily get on the top of the pen from the outside and jump in, but it was impossible for him to get out. My pen was a complete success, and so far I have not had a single sheep bitten outside of that pen by a dog. I will not say how many dogs I caught in my pen."

Horticulture.

DON'T FORGET THE GRAPE VINES.

[Indiana Farmer.]

There is one kind of fruit, and that, too, of a most delicious sort, that seems to grow and thrive in every part of the land, if only once started and given a "ghost of a chance." It seems strange that so many of our farms have not a grape-vine on them, and so many more have only a straggling vine or two which yield but a tithe of what would be used, when the place might yield a ton a year, and the room would never be missed.

Now in this good new year will not every boy and girl take hold of the business, and see that a good vine is set, where it may run over the back porch, the old oak tree, the corn-crib, the lattice by the garden wall, even the cow shed, and pig stye need not be overlooked if your cuttings are abundant. It will cost so little and be worth so much. They will grow while you are sleeping and pay back many fold all the care and labor they cost. They may be had from August until late frosts, if you will but take pains to secure varieties that come on in succession. There is scarcely any fruit more beautiful and refreshing, and the taste for it will grow by cultivation. Even those so addicted to pork and potatoes, that they look with contempt on all sorts of "green stuff," might in time come to possess a more refined and wholesome taste by daily use of these inviting

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.--BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

fees shall be paid into the county treasury by June 1, instead of Dec. 1; that the lists of dogs, with owners' names, shall be returned to the city or town clerks by May 20 instead of July 1, and that these officials shall post a printed or plainly written list, in some public place, of all persons who have properly licensed and collared their dogs; that the warrants for killing unlicensed dogs shall be issued by June 1, instead of by July 10; that any person may, and police officers shall, kill unlicensed dogs wherever found, police officers to be punished by a fine of not more than $100 for refusing or wilfully neglecting to kill such dogs, and to receive $1 for each dog so killed; that appraisals for damages for dogs must be made immediately after they are complained of, and that the bills for them be same are to be examined and passed upon by the county commissioners at their next meeting after receiving them. The bill also provides that dilapidated fences shall be no reason for the ownership of the guilty dog before damages are paid, all facts found to be reported to the county treasurer. Damages are to be paid as soon as ordered, instead of on the first Wednesday in January only. The county treasurer is to be obliged to bring action against the owner of the dog to obtain the damages to recover for the damages, and, if judgment is rendered, the court shall issue an order that the dog be killed. Such suit may be brought before a justice of the peace, or superior court or trial justice in the county where the damage is done. All cost and expenses in such actions not collected from the defendant shall be paid by the treasurer from money in his hands collected through the taxes on dogs; provided, however, if the owner of such dog shall kill it as soon as he has heard of the damage done, no suit shall be brought against him. In this way the death of the dog is secured and the country saved the expense of the suit, which would average at not much, probably as the damages to be recovered.

Changing the Dog Law.

It may seem strange, but there are grave doubts as to the constitutionality of the present dog licensing law. It is stated on good authority that the late Judge Cattis gave his opinion, privately, to that effect, and would, doubtless, so have ruled had the question ever come before him. It is said that the law was passed in the interest of the sheep raisers of the State. But the courts have decided that dogs are property. If you kill one you are liable in damages for his full value, even if it is a fancy price, to his owner. If they are property, then there is no legal right to treat them otherwise than cows, horses and other domestic animals. They should only be taxed for their real value, no more licensed with various kinds of fees than any other kinds of animals. If the local boards or authorities on such matters are agreed upon this, and several States are taxing dogs in this way. Now, in this State, males are licensed at one price, females at another, without regard to their value, and the money is paid into the county treasury. There may be a score of owners of unlicensed dogs who keep them properly confined; but, if some stray cur does damage, they have to help pay the bills. It is claimed that

This is all Wrong.

If dogs were taxed, not licensed, every dog owner would be held responsible for the damages done by him, the same as the owner of any other animal that does damage is now held responsible. If dogs are taxed as property, as they would be made to compel the owners to keep them within bounds, and not to let them out of their immediate control. Selectmen and aldermen could be held responsible for enforcing the law, and they would see to it that destructive and dangerous dogs were killed at once. Dogs of bad repute have their character as well known as individuals in like situation, and the authorities would soon order them to be shut off the earth, to prevent them from doing damage. If damage was done the dog owners could be fined, and if they were not financially responsible, damages could be recovered from the town themselves, because their selectmen have not done their duty. Exceptions to this law could be made in favor of collie dogs for protecting sheep. It is said that the Governor has expressed himself very favorably to such a change in the law, and as being of the opinion that it would go far toward solving the dog question. It is known that the present law has curtailed the number of curs, by whom nearly all the damage is done. For every dog owner, no matter how poor, can somehow raise funds to license his "dorg," and thus secure immunity from the damage he may do. But, if he is to pay for the damage by him that causes, or the town is made to pay if he cannot, it is claimed that the race of worthless curs would soon become extinct.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1882.

Fast Day.—There is an appropriateness in this day, coming at the opening of the season of life and promise, as there is in that other New England institution, Thanksgiving Day, which comes after the harvest time. Each of these days teaches the lesson of the dependence of the human upon the Divine, and happy the community or the individual who is firmly anchored to that great and commanding truth.

As we prepare to put the present issue to press, the intelligence from Washington is that the President has vetoed the anti Chinese bill, and the Senate has refused to pass the bill over the President's veto, the yeas being 29, the nays 21—not the necessary two-thirds.

Dr. George M. Beard positively asserts that Guiteau is insane and therefore irresponsible.

Judge Blatchford has taken the oath and his seat as the new Justice to fill the last vacancy on the Supreme Court bench.

Hanlan, of Canada, defeated Boyd of Newcastle-on-Tyne in the boat race on Monday, by four lengths in twenty-six minutes and six seconds.

Jesse James, the leader of the notorious band of outlaws in the West, was fatally shot by two former members of the gang on Monday, at St. Joseph, Missouri.

There is a prevailing dullness in freights to Europe at present, in consequence of a much diminished accumulation of surplus products and the high prices of agricultural staples.

The reduction of the public debt during March, to the amount of about sixteen and one-half millions, has not in years been surpassed, with the exception of last September, when it was over 17 millions.

By the passage of the bill before the Legislature to the final stage of enactment, the legal profession will hereafter be open in Massachusetts to women as well as to men. The bill is very brief, and was passed with a corresponding amount of debate.

At Cooper Institute, New York, on Monday evening, was held a mass meeting to make an emphatic protest against the detention of Americans in prison by the British Government, without immediate trial on the Charges on which they are held.

The Mayor of Boston announces to the board of aldermen that he has removed the three police commissioners for cause and appointed three others in their place. The new appointments were laid on the table for one week, in the midst of considerable excitement in the Board.

The Committee on Agriculture of the national House of Representatives have agreed to report favorably on the bill of representative King, providing for an appropriation of $20,000, to be expended by the Commissioners of Agriculture in the purchase of seeds for distribution among the sufferers by the recent overflow of the Mississippi River.

CROP PROSPECTS.

Taking the most recent returns from the great wheat-growing States for the basis of an estimate, we are justified in concluding that the wheat crop of the present year will exceed in quantity anything which the country has yet produced. The winter wheat is at all points in the best condition, and a largely increased acreage is reported. Spring wheat, too, will be sowed over a much larger number of acres than before, thus bringing to the market an abundance which persons reputed to be not over-sanguine on the subject estimate in the gross at five hundred million bushels. It is almost too enormous to be conceived by the mind. The decidedly good, or bad, prospect of a war in Europe adds wonderfully to the anticipated value of such a crop.

But allowing that no such war occurs, and that the production of Europe itself is so large as not to compel an extraordinary draft on this country, there is the cotton crop on which to rely for keeping foreign exchange in our favor and thus retaining our gold at home. There is already a large remaining surplus for foreign spinners from last year's crop, but there will be a demand for all that we shall ordinarily have to sell. But the calculation is, in any event, according to the experience of past years, that the cotton crop of the coming season will be the largest ever yet produced, owing to the prolonged overflow of the richest cotton-producing region of the country. So that, as a nation we have everything to encourage and very little to cloud our hopes for the immediate future.

CHILI AND PERU.

According to the terms of peace which have been arranged between Chili and Peru, it is apparent that the former State is far from being unreasonable in its demands, and that it is ready and willing to listen with due respect to any suggestions that may come from our own Government. Still, to what extent we may permit ourselves to become involved in responsibility, should Chili finally consent to a treaty based on any propositions coming from the United States, it may be interesting to consider. Twice during the progress of the war with Peru and Bolivia she expressed readiness to make terms and restore peace; but the attempts resulted in nothing because Peru flatly refused to cede an inch of territory, even as temporary security for the final payment of a war indemnity to which she might assent. Peru was willing to promise payment but refused to guarantee her promise.

After Chili took possession of the capital of Peru, at great additional cost of time, men and money, she very naturally demanded something additional for remuneration for the extra expenditure; but the second refusal of Peru, in respect both to money and territory, was stiffer than the first. Negotiations were then ended, and for a year Chili has been obliged to keep up the military occupation of a large part of Peru. The terms she now offers, however, are the cession of the province of Tarapaca, and a pecuniary indemnity that can be agreed upon by the representatives of Chili and such representatives as may be qualified to bind Peru. And the American Commissioners, Messrs. Trescott and Blaine, are to have three months to promote the organization of such a government in Peru as shall be able to bind her in a treaty.

THE VINE PEST IN FRANCE.

Although the French Government and the vine-growers of France are actively cooperating for the suppression of the vine pest in that country, but little has thus far resulted from their exertions. Our Minister to France, Mr. Morton, has recently sent a report of the case to the State Department for the purposes of general information, and the above statement is the substantial fact contained in it. Before the phyllozera visitation, France had 5,537,723 acres planted to vines; now she has not more than 5,000,000 acres, and this does not express the loss because the additional acreage is to be taken into account. Almost a million and a quarter acres of vines have been entirely destroyed by the pest, and as many more acres are now in process of destruction.

For the year 1881, the yield of wine was 679,844,000 gallons, which was a diminution of 90,000,000 gallons from the previous year, and not much more than one-third of the total product of 1875, which was a famous year. The loss in money to France from the vine pest is set down at $100,000,000. They hold phyllozera congresses in France to discuss the situation and suggest remedies. Three modes of relief have been proposed, but the most available one, all things considered, is the transplanting of vines from this country to French soil. It is said that the pest utterly refuses to attack the roots of the American vines, and that French vines can therefore be grafted upon them. There is a prejudice, however, among the wine-growers against the importation, and the French government is believed to be unfavorably disposed to it.

CONGRESS.

The motion of Mr. Crapo in the House to make the bill extending the corporate existence of national banking associations a continuing special order for the 15th inst., failed of the two-thirds vote necessary for the suspension of the rules. There was considerable debate over it. But it does not decide the fate of the measure. In the Senate, a joint resolution was passed for the appropriation of $10,000 for the erection of a suitable monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello, Va. A resolution was introduced in relation to the imprisonment of American citizens in Great Britain. The bill for a railroad through the Choctaw Territory was discussed in relation to its terms. The bill for the redemption of ten dollar refunding certificates was passed. A bill was introduced authorizing the construction of vessels of war for the navy, substantially the same with the one reported to the House. In the House, the rules were suspended for the purpose of passing the bill authorizing the Postmaster General to readjust the salaries of the postmasters of the third, fourth and fifth classes, whose salaries have not heretofore been readjusted. The rules were also suspended in order to pass the bill to amend the laws relating to internal revenue. Bills were likewise passed for the erection of public buildings in various cities.

THE LEGISLATURE

In the Senate, a bill was introduced and laid on the table urging the Massachusetts Senators and Representatives in Congress to use their influence for the release of Michael Hart of Lawrence, who is confined in a British jail. A plan was reported for carrying out the theory of minority representation in elections of directors. The bill to permit to act as attorney at law has passed both branches. So has, also, the bill to protect the health of women operatives and clerks. Nothing now remains but their formal enactment, no opposition being usually made in such cases. The House refused to reconsider the rejection of the bill for the payment of operatives every two weeks. It likewise rejected the bill for the regulation of the estates of deceased persons. Much time was consumed on its consideration. On Tuesday the House began its forenoon sessions at eleven o'clock. The health committee reported to the House that it was inexpedient to legislate in relation to inspectors of cattle and provisions. The charities committee reported a bill for the punishment of parents who desert their children or wilfully refuse or neglect to provide for their support.

Double Taxation.—A law was passed, after fully two years' debate, by the last Legislature, to do away with taxation in one form, so that, if possible, it should no longer be a double charge on any kind of property. The case was stated in its simplest form, when it was alleged to be a clear injustice to tax money to the one who had lent it, as was the case when mortgaged property was taxed at the full assessed value and the amount of the mortgage was taxed also. Because a certain amount of money had changed hands, it was taxed to the one who received it and the one who had parted with it. It is now proposed to repeal this new law and thus restore things to their former status. There have been no petitions from the people for such repeal, yet the Taxation Committee has reported in favor of it. Would it not be better first to give the new law a chance to take the full effect?

Unless all current information goes wrong, the United States of Colombia are all ready to terminate the treaty into which they entered with us in 1846, and threw themselves bodily into the arms of an European state—France, if any. Under this treaty, we are free to interfere in any and all foreign schemes for cutting a canal across the Isthmus, and can do it now. American and Colombian citizens are placed on an equality; Colombia is guaranteed her existing sovereignty by us; and on it is stipulated that any canal that may be constructed shall be neutral, under the guarantee of the United States. If therefore we suffer the existing treaty to lapse, the result will be the entire loss of our interest and influence in that quarter, and the establishment of European authority under our very noses.

LEGISLATIVE VISIT

To the Mass. Agricultural College.

Gov. Long in his last annual message called attention to the fact that the Agricultural College buildings were in great need of repairs, and recommended that the present legislature appropriate a sum sufficient to place them in such condition as will give credit to the State to which they belong. Public interest has greatly increased in the State Agricultural College since the recent election of Paul A. Chadbourne to the Presidency of the Institution. The steady expectation of its advancement as a popular educator was developed into an assurance of that result from the day it was understood that he would accept the chair. His special characteristics were known to be combined with his experience, and both together gave his accession to the office all the satisfaction that goes with a positive promise. In consequence of this, a wish has been expressed by sundry members of the Legislature to obtain a clearer understanding of the actual needs of the College by viewing its condition for themselves and listening to the fullest statements that could be made concerning what is really wanted to make the buildings in all respects tenantable. Senator Grinnell, the chairman of the Joint Standing Committee on Agriculture, accordingly invited about fifty gentlemen, chiefly members of the Legislature, to take a car that had been specially provided by the Boston and Albany Railroad Company on Friday of last week, and proceed to Amherst for the purpose of visiting the College.

The names of those composing the party are as follows: *Senators*—Joseph Bennett, Geo. A. Bruce, Thomas J. Hastings, Geo. W. Johnson, Samuel M. Cook, James S. Grinnell. *Representatives*—V. M. Porter, E. C. Carpenter, R. G. F. Candage, Chas. W. Ray, J. D. Cadle, A. W. Wetherbee, John Hopkins, A. W. Rice, Orin C. Whitbeck, D. H. Blanchard, Benjamin W. Robbins, Robert A. Southworth, John W. Gifford, W. H. Whitney, N. W. Shores, J. H. Walker, Chas. Smith, John A. Clark, Hiram Knight, Wm. L. Clark, Moses Taylor, Enoch Taylor, Ebenezer Baker, A. W. Fitch, Daniel Bullard, H. W. Monisgue, Edwin Carter, Sidney Strong, Levi L. Willcutt, F. E. Howard, Lucius Field, A. R. Powers. *The State Board of Agriculture* was represented by Edmund H. Bray and D. E. Damon, and the *Trustees of the College* by Benjamin P. Ware, O. B. Hadwen and Geo. Noyes.

On reaching Amherst, which was done after an exceptionally pleasant ride, the first movement was directed to the Amherst House, whose enterprising proprietor had been advised beforehand of the coming of the party, and at whose hands a generous dinner was provided. On a previous occasion, the State College Convention, as many who were present will not fail to remember, fairly took them by surprise; although even then they showed remarkable resources for an emergency of that sort. This time, however, the proprietors were prepared for an invasion of the welcome guests, and dispissed them only in the most satisfied humor and on the best terms of friendship. After dinner, carriages were furnished for the transportation of the entire party to the College grounds. On arriving there the work of inspection began, which was continued with an interest that soon took the expression of eagerness; and what was before the subject of hint, an informal and general conversation, now became the object of a personal examination that could not have been more earnestly pursued if it had been official in its character.

The Plant Houses were visited. The Barn and Stable was carefully looked over. The College Dormitories were subjected to close examination. The Drill Hall was visited. The Chemical Department and the Mathematical Department were in their turn made the target for numberless questions which were every one satisfactorily answered. There was neither building nor branch that did not pass under the close and searching inspection of this party of interested examiners. The eagerness at first manifested in due time changed to enthusiasm. If a body of visitors ever fairly possessed themselves of the actual facts that represented the condition of an institution, this party undeniably did. They showed in their faces that they had for the first time become fully acquainted with things as they are. They betrayed the consciousness of comprehending the real situation. Hereafter, if men were to inquire of them what they thought about the actual state of the College, they would be abundantly able to tell them what they knew. They assembled in the College chapel after this examination was over, and then began the joint consideration of the needs of the institution. It would have been a good thing for the Legislature as a body to listen to the commentaries which immediately sprung from what had been heard and seen.

We shall not enter in this place on any particular account of the meeting. Nor may it be said to fall properly within our province as a public journal to present any description of the condition of the floors, the walls, the ceilings, and the buildings at large, which the State is strictly bound to maintain in constant repair, by its acceptance of the gift originally made by the United States. All this will make itself duly manifest at another time and in another way. It will not fail to work with a visible influence through future public discussions of what the College has the right to claim and what it is entitled to on its own merits. Senator Grinnell called the company at last to order, and appropriately introduced to them President Chadbourne, whom all naturally expected to see and greeted with hearty manifestations of respect and approval. In the remarks which President Chadbourne made in reply, there was to be observed a clear comprehension of the condition of the College, and a true appreciation of the importance of bringing up the buildings in which it is domesticated to a standard that shall invite rather than repel a studious occupancy. His suggestions were all practical and pressing. The spirit with which he assumes his trust is obvious in every sentence that fell from his lips. His remarks were as follows:

Remarks of President Chadbourne.

It gives me, gentlemen, great pleasure to welcome you to this College, an institution founded on the joint contribution of the United States and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. No college certainly has a nobler origin than this. The Commonwealth pledged itself to use the gift of the United States for the noble purpose for which it was made. This purpose was the promotion of education, especially that education that shall beautify the earth and increase its products. The time may come when lawyers will not be needed—when men shall so understand the laws of health and morality as to shall be his own physician, and men may become so good that each shall be his own priest; but so long as men live, they must have food and clothing, and these must come from the earth. And the problems connected with the products of the earth are yearly becoming more enormous in their importance. It is my desire to see an institution here that shall secure to every student a thorough education and especially fit him for the work of a husbandman. There is not a very large portion of our State educated farmers, men capable of discussing in an intelligent manner all the questions that arise in reference to agricultural pursuits.

It was one of the conditions of my election that I should not be called upon to go to the State House for money or to beg from others But you are here as representatives of the State, and I ask you to look at these buildings and see if they are in such condition as buildings ought to be in that belong to the State. If money has been wasted here, it has been wasted in building in too cheap a style. Now these buildings need repair. Changes must be made to secure them from fire, or our policies will be cancelled. We need repairs in the laboratory building, and cases that work there may be efficiently done. These floors are not as good as should be found on stables, and much of the other work is equally poor and suffering for repairs in addition. The drill hall is no longer available, as its use would endanger the building. We ask for money to build a drill hall—not an expensive building like those going up in connection with some other colleges—$5,000 will probably answer our purpose.

I wish also to call your attention to another thing of importance for the College. The Professors should be here on College ground But you had no houses for them, and they have been forced to the village—a mile away, and your President has to come to his work by his head. Proper buildings should be provided for your President and Professors, that they may be here near their work, and have all their influence among the students.

I am not asking these things for myself, but for the College, which belongs to the State. We understand that an institution does not consist in buildings, but buildings are a condition for proper work. As representatives of the State we ask of you that aid which you see we need and which we will try to deserve.

The company finally took their leave with very different ideas of what the State owed to the College—its own child—and what was positively necessary to be done. The result of such a visit cannot but be beneficial all round. The legislative public will now be better enlightened on a matter with which it is its plain duty to be at all times familiar. The friends of the college can henceforth presume on such an acquaintance with its actual condition on the part of an enlarged circle of legislators, and will feel that in any discussion of its immediate interests the larger part of the time is not to be lost in explanation. Those who returned instified in various ways the impression which the visit had made upon them, and showed that it was likely to result for the benefit of the College in all legitimate ways.

RESTORATION OF APPETITE.—A physician writes in regard to one of his patients: "The effect of Compound Oxygen was to give him an appetite. *Within three days of the first inhalation he was obliged to get his dinner two hours before the regular time.*" Treatise on "Compound Oxygen" sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Relations to Chili and Peru.—It appears that Mr. Trescott, the American Commissioner to South America, has not signed any protocol embodying the terms of peace between Chili and Peru. All that he was authorized to do while in South America was to "exert a pacific influence and to avoid issues leading to offence." Yet he was expected to try to persuade Chili not to be too hard on Peru in demanding from her a heavy indemnity, but to be satisfied with either the province of Tarapaca or a money indemnity of twenty millions dollars. He was afterwards given to understand, however, that his judgment in the dispute was not altogether acceptable to the powers at Washington: nevertheless, he was ordered to remain, although we had two ministers out there already. The English interests appear to be quite satisfied with our action.

Mr. Jay Gould's Millions.—It is not often that a man makes a voluntary exhibition of his wealth to others, even in self defence; but Mr. Jay Gould, handled by the malicious rumors on the street against his financial credit, at length resolved to silence them once for all by actually showing their baselessness and his own prodigious wealth at the same time. It is doubtful if Mr. Vanderbilt himself could show such a mass of convertible securities—stocks and bonds,—as Mr. Gould showed to a few prominent men in Wall street, a short time since. There were fifty-four millions of them in all, par value; and it is needless to say that the exhibit astounded those who were called in to view it as much for its amount as for its novelty. The rumors of the street, which were being industriously circulated by the bears, were that he had been a large borrower of money, had been obliged to hypothecate, or put up, pretty nearly all his stocks, and was liable to fail any day. Of course these rumors were put in circulation for the sake of having their depress ing influence on the street. Mr. Gould's answer at once crushed the life out of them all. He actually showed fifty-four million dollars worth of securities, and all of them were issued in his own name, and had never been used at all in raising money, as their unwritten backs plainly proved. But aside from the rumors, such an astounding exhibition of actual cash is one never made before in modern days, and is such an advertisement of wealth as very few men in any age are able to put forth.

The Spring is coming on apace, the middle month of it being now at the door. Already the grass is seen to be sprouting in warm nooks in a southern exposure, and the maple and other buds are swelling and growing waxy. The air is filled with the singing of birds in the early morning and at evening, vocal prophecies of the welcome season that makes all hearts glad with its delightful surprises. There is a wonderfully close sympathy between the human feelings and the period of the year when, as we commonly phrase it, the sun's return to the northern latitudes again. Every one feels the dissolving of the wintry associations within him, even as the brooks that romp down through the meadows wash their little channels clean of the last traces of ice and snow broth. It is a miracle performed every year, this Spring renewal; and we should stop long to study closely the beautiful marvel if it were now about to appear to us for the first time.

☞ *The Social Law of Labor*, by Wm. B. Weeden, is a fresh treatise, freshly treated by a mind that possesses both insight and the grasping faculty, on a vital subject that is far from being properly understood, even, if it is not altogether overlooked. The writer lays down the postulate, at the introduction, that the social law is in the constant link between capital and labor. He proceeds to discuss, then, persons and property, the corporation, the guild, labor associations, capital and society—new and old. In his preface he says that labor is living,—capital is a result of living; life is always in persons, passions, affections, rather than in a thing which is cast into material form. He looks at modern society from this point of view; yet modern life involves ancient life, and therefore he had to consider the question from the historic side. The social working of Labor and Capital in the life of to-day finds its counterpart in many old institutions. The writer says that the economic principle dictates that capital must wait too far away from this social movement, and have moulded it into something too rigid for this living process which throbs with labor. He treats the subject from a point of view that is not in the interest either of Capital or Labor, or any new form of society adjusted to the imaginary desires of the persons representing the one or the other of these great social factors. It is a book well worth the reading. Roberts Brothers, publishers.

☞ *The Women of Mormonism*, or, the Story of Polygamy as told by the Victims themselves, edited by Jennie Anderson Froiseth, with an introduction by Miss Francis E. Willard, and supplementary papers by Rev. Dr. Bacon and others, illustrated, is issued for preliminary notice in sample pages, by C. G. C. Paine, of Detroit, Mich., and promises for the book when completed the creation of a public interest not often merited by the issues of the press. It proposes to tell the whole story of Mormonism, which, from a perusal of the contents of its twenty-four chapters, we should judge it certainly did. The illustrations include a number of portraits. Miss Willard's introduction is a piece of appropriate emphasis throughout. The institution of transplanted polygamy in Utah is shown up in the hideous deformity of all its features. There are stories of tyranny and wrong on these pages that will sting the reader into redoubled anger, and he will be impatient to take justice into his own hands. There is such a vast variety of matters treated, both by story and discussion, which these sample pages promise to disclose, that the publication of the volume will be awaited with an eagerness which may serve to quicken the action of Congress, before which body the whole subject has at length been brought in effective form.

☞ *The Chemistry of the Farm*, by R. Warrington, F. C. S., is a handsome little thin volume addressed to intelligent farmers and others interested in the cultivation of the soil, who would gladly learn the present relations of Chemistry to Agriculture. The author holds an important position at Rothamsted, an old English estate to which Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert have given a world-wide reputation, and made its centre of agricultural investigation. The author expresses the hope that his little work may be used for the teaching of agriculture in schools. Technicalities are avoided as much as possible. It treats successively of plant growth, sources of plant food, manures, crops, rotation of crops, animal nutrition, foods, relation of food to animal requirements, relation of food to manure, and the dairy. Published by the Orange Judd Company, New York.

☞ *Vococophy*, by Lysander Salmon Richards, is an entirely new profession, so named because its purpose is to assist one in finding his right calling and place in life. It is the professed art of finding *vocations* for others. Every one would like to know the calling which he is best suited to follow. The object of this little volume, pioneer in a new field, is to attempt to bring order out of the existing chaos and chance, and to form a system according to which a person may find the most fitting pursuit, in which to reap the greatest success possible for him individually. It will take a long time, as Mr. Richards admits, to properly ripen such a system, but he believes that the day is come to give it life and being. There is a place in life for every individual, but the question is how to find it. Multitudes of men are doing what they are wholly unfitted for by their natural bent, and pursue their mistaken avocations from habit or necessity. All needed assistance can be had by addressing the author of this little book, at East Marshfield, Mass.

☞ *The Rose*, a treatise on the cultivation, history, family characteristics, etc., of the various groups of roses, with accurate descriptions of the varieties now generally known, is a beautiful little book in very open style of typography, by H. B. Ellwanger, of the Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, New York. It tells the whole story for the rose cultivator. The author's apology for compiling it is, that nearly all existing works on the rose are English, and the difference in climate, etc., render necessary for this country a modification and change in the directions for culture. Every lover of the rose should want it. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

STARNS' AMMONIATED BONE SUPER-PHOSPHATE, advertised in another column, is highly recommended as a manure *for all crops*. In order that every farmer may have an opportunity of testing its merits, the proprietors offer unusual inducements. They will furnish it the present season for a trifle over the cost of production, being confident that thereafter they will secure large orders for their goods. Read their advertisement.

☞ "A most astonishing offer" advertised elsewhere deserves attention. The STAR SPANGLED BANNER has been read by millions since 1863, and is a large, readable and very cheap paper. The silver spoons offered ARE GENUINE goods, well worth twice the sum asked. No one need hesitate or fear imposition as the offer is bonafide, and money will cheerfully be returned to any one not satisfied.

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The Real Relation Between the Human Body and the Weather Scientifically Explained.

Scientific American.

One of the most valuable developments of modern science along the line of human necessity is the National Weather Bureau at Washington. Experience has shown that eighty-six per cent. of the predictions of the signal service are accurate; and these predictions are unquestionably of the greatest advantage to the seaman, the agriculturist and the entire commercial world. The service has proven its necessity by its usefulness, for in past times the facilities for foretelling atmospheric changes were meagre indeed. The only indications our fathers had of coming changes in the weather were aching limbs, twinging joints or painful corns. These "indications," though crude, were usually correct, and hence naturally suggests the inquiry as to the relation between the human system and the weather. The body is unquestionably an excellent barometer. It foretells changes in the atmosphere long before they occur, and this fact has been taken advantage of by physicians who, when all other agencies fail, prescribe a change of air, thus hoping the body may find such atmospheric condition better suited to its needs. And yet the real relation between the human body and the weather has never been fully understood, nor has there ever been, until now, a correct explanation of what rheumatism (which seems in league with the atmosphere) really is. It was originally thought by many that it was a trouble in the joints, and as such was treated in the most strange, not to say, ridiculous manner. This theory became dispelled when the same trouble attacked the muscles, and the feeling then prevailed that it was purely a muscular disorder. But this idea was found to be too narrow, and now it is universally conceded that rheumatism is a blood disease, and the most terrible disease it is. It oft n comes without warning and prostrates the system with agony. Again it is beginning s gradual, and its growth slow. In its acute form it manifests itself in every conceivable shape and always accompanied by intense pain. At one time it is inflammatory, at another neuralgic. Sometimes it assumes the form of gout, and again that of pleurisy or lumbago; but in whatever manner it appears it is terribly painful and always to be dreaded. The pain and annoyance of rheumatism are increased by its great danger for it is liable to attack the brain or heart at any moment, thereby causing instant death. Indeed nearly every case of heart disease with all its dreadful suddenness which has ever occurred, can be traced more or less directly to rheumatic causes In its chronic form it stiffens the joints, contracts the muscles and undermines the health and ruins the life. It frequently attacks men and women who are apparently in perfect health. Indeed, it is so greatly to be dreaded in any possible form of physical woe.

But, however severe its effects may be, the exact cause of this blood trouble has been an undecided question, and it is only within the past year that any decision upon the subject has been reached. In order to fully determine what the cause of rheumatic disorders really was, certain authorities sent letters of inquiry from Wa-hington to the leading practicing physicians of the land, and these inquiries were responded to quite generally, thus furnishing data of great value to science and mankind. The views held by the doctors are of a varied nature, but an overwhelming a proportion hold to one belief as to leave but little doubt that it is the correct one. This belief, briefly stated, is that uric acid in the blood causes rheumati-m, and that it is only by removing this poisonous acid that rheumatic or neuralgic troubles in all their terrible forms can be cured. This being true, the important question arises: "How does this poisonous uric acid get into the blood, and how can it best be removed?" Uric acid is a waste material of the body which the kidneys should carry out, but because they are weakened they cannot throw it from the system. Restore the kidneys and you restore the poison that will force the uric acid from the system and thus banish the rheumatic agonies which it causes. This is reason; it is science. No one whose kidneys are in a perfect condition was ever troubled with rheumatism, and no rheumatic sufferer, however slight the pain may be, has perfect kidneys. The conclusion of this truth is inevitable; perfect kidneys mean freedom from rheumatism.

When rheumatism has manifested itself in any special part of the body, attempts have usually been made to treat that part of the body. As a result, the pain has departed but the disease has remained, living subtly concealed and ready to break out at some unexpected moment. Doctoring in this way in any single locality only scatters the disease through the system, when, if the seat of the disorder, which are the kidneys, were reached, a complete cure would be the result. The way, therefore, to expel this rank and poisonous acid before it assumes an inflammatory or chronic form is by keeping the kidneys in a healthful condition. There is no easy thing to do, and no means has, until within the past few years, been known which would successfully reach and effect these great organs. At last, however, scientists have discovered that the leaves of a tropical plant, previously but little known to science and unknown to medicine, possessed marvelous qualities adapted for the kidneys. These leaves have been skillfully combined in the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It is, up to the present time, the only known preparation that acts so directly upon the kidneys as to specifically cure the various dangerous forms of kidney disease, and hence remove all uric acid from the blood. As a result, the cure is by no means of performing are really very remarkable. Indeed, there are thousands of persons in America to-day who owe their restoration to health and entire freedom from rheumatism to this simple and yet powerful remedy, which is known universally, manufactured in Rochester, N. Y., and sold in every drug store in the land.

From the doctors in the various cities of the United States who have certified over their own signatures to the scientific statement that uric acid in the blood is the cause of rheumatism, to a large number of Boston physicians, among them being Dr. A. P. Lightbill, Dr. John B. Dailey, Dr. Fred J. Garney, Dr. Dr. Dow, Dr. Morrill Wheeler, Dr. Robert W. Newell, Dr. Franklin F. Patch, Dr. Darius Wilson, Dr. William C. Cornwell, Dr. Henry Cook, Dr. Nathaniel Downes, Dr. William K Ripley, Dr. George C. Shattuck, Dr. William Ingalls, Dr. J. F. Oliver, Dr. Joseph F. Gould, Dr. Wilson Atwood, Dr. A. F. Heald, Dr. Francis H. Brown, and Dr. Hamilton Osgood.

The theory of the doctors as above explained finds its confirmation in the fact that when the kidneys have been cured, rheumatism is completely removed. This is not, of course, always accomplished instantly, for in a disease so subtle, the cure is long or short, but under no other plan can any hope of permanent relief ever be found. There are hundreds of cases on record during the present Winter of persons afflicted with disease and pain for years and years, who have been entirely cured by following the theory above stated and using the remedy mentioned. Many of these persons had suffered worse than possible symptoms. Vague aches in different portions of the body were followed by agonies the most intense in some particular spot. Acute and throbbing pains changed to dull aches, and the coursing poisonous acid inflamed all the veins. Troubles which began with slight disorders increased to derangement of the whole system. It is said to think that all this suffering was endured when it could have been so easily relieved. Acting upon the theory and using the remedy above mentioned, the sufferers quickly have been restored to their usual vigor, the uric poison expelled from the system, the inflammation removed and the pain entirely banished.

These are some of the real and scientific facts regarding rheumatism, attested by the highest authority and they are, beyond question, the only correct ones ever brought to light. We are aware they are advanced ideas, but ten years hence they will be the accepted belief and practice of the world. If people suffer from rheumatic troubles in the future and with these plain truths before them, they certainly can blame no one but themselves.

—A meeting was held in Park Street Church, in this city, on Sunday evening last, to consider the subject of Indian Education, and it was addressed by Gen. Armstrong, Capt. Pratt, and others.

☞ It is the best Fertilizer I have ever found." —After fifteen years' trial and careful experiment, this is the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Hanson Ordway, of Byfield, Mass., concerning Bradley's Superphate. He adds: "It has never failed to increase the crop more than enough to pay its cost, and in some seasons it has paid for itself more than twice over. It has also proved very lasting in its effects, as I saw an increase in the grass where I had spread no corn three years before, while in the barley that followed the corn it doubled the crop, as it did the crop of corn. The corn, where it is put on, starts more vigorously, and ripens two weeks earlier, and I got a third more last year (although not a good corn year) where I used it, than where I did not. I also got 110 bushels of potatoes on seventy rods of land (237 bushels per acre), where I used it last year, though a bad season."

—The Yale and Harvard boatmen have been holding a conference at New London, to arrange the terms for a race on the River Thames during the coming season.

MARY WHITCHER'S SHAKER HOUSE-KEEPER.

In order to introduce this new and really the best cook book yet issued, the publishers will this week distribute free, through the retail druggists, the entire first edition. Among its novel features may be mentioned dinners for every day in the week, how to cook and how to serve them, a chapter on etiquette, scores of cherished family receipts, contributed by prominent New England ladies, selections from noted chefs, some choice collections of the Shakers, such as apple sauce, brown bread, &c., the whole making over two hundred of the most valuable receipts ever published in one book. To be had free of any charge at any of our drug stores.

—Two steamers collided, last Saturday night, off Cape Finisterre, Spain, and both sunk, with the loss of the lives of all on board.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

d63 cow13t

A HUMAN BAROMETER.

The Real Relation Between the Human Body and the Weather Scientifically Explained.

Scientific American.

One of the most valuable developments of modern science along the line of human necessity is the National Weather Bureau at Washington. Experience has shown that eighty-six per cent. of the predictions of the signal service are accurate; and these predictions are unquestionably of the greatest advantage to the seaman, the agriculturist and the entire commercial world. The service has proven its necessity by its usefulness, for in past times the facilities for foretelling atmospheric changes were meagre indeed. The only indications our fathers had of coming changes in the weather were aching limbs, twinging joints or painful corns. These "indications," though crude, were usually correct, and hence naturally suggests the inquiry as to the relation between the human system and the weather. The body is unquestionably an excellent barometer. It foretells changes in the atmosphere long before they occur, and this fact has been taken advantage of by physicians who, when all other agencies fail, prescribe a change of air, thus hoping the body may find such atmospheric condition better suited to its needs. And yet the real relation between the human body and the weather has never been fully understood, nor has there ever been, until now, a correct explanation of what rheumatism (which seems in league with the atmosphere) really is. It was originally thought by many that it was a trouble in the joints, and as such was treated in the most strange, not to say, ridiculous manner. This theory became dispelled when the same trouble attacked the muscles, and the feeling then prevailed that it was purely a muscular disorder. But this idea was found to be too narrow, and now it is universally conceded that rheumatism is a blood disease, and the most terrible disease it is. It oft n comes without warning and prostrates the system with agony. Again it is beginning s gradual, and its growth slow. In its acute form it manifests itself in every conceivable shape and always accompanied by intense pain. At one time it is inflammatory, at another neuralgic. Sometimes it assumes the form of gout, and again that of pleurisy or lumbago; but in whatever manner it appears it is terribly painful and always to be dreaded. The pain and annoyance of rheumatism are increased by its great danger for it is liable to attack the brain or heart at any moment, thereby causing instant death. Indeed nearly every case of heart disease with all its dreadful suddenness which has ever occurred, can be traced more or less directly to rheumatic causes In its chronic form it stiffens the joints, contracts the muscles and undermines the health and ruins the life. It frequently attacks men and women who are apparently in perfect health. Indeed, it is so greatly to be dreaded in any possible form of physical woe.

mestic Markets.

OLESALE PRICES.

N PRODUCE MARKET.

Prices here have a strong upward
We quote nominally as follows:
00@3 75 per bbl; superfine at $4 00@
common extras at $5 00@5 75; choice
50; Canada superior at $6 25@6 85;
bakers' at $7 25@7 50 ₰ bbl; Ohio
at $6 75@7 25; Michigan at $6 50@6
; St. Louis and Southern Illinois at
; choice Minnesota and Wisconsin
t patents at $8 25@8 75, with some
is held at $9 00, and winter wheat
50@8 00 ₰ bbl. Corn meal is dull
$3 35 ₰ bbl, with rye flour dull
$5 00@5 25 ₰ bbl in a small way.
quiet and steady at $6 50 ₰ bbl for
00@7 25 ₰ bbl for coarse.

s firm, with prices higher. Dealers
high mixed goods at 87@88c, white
nde is held at 82@83c. We quote
s follows: Old high mixed at 86@
; No. 2 mixed and steamer yellow
h; at amer mixed at 84@84½c, and
at 83@83½c ₰ bush.

rm, with a fair trade at quotations;
minally as follows: Extra white and
at 64@65c ₰ bush; No. 1 white
2 white at 63c; No. 3 white at 58c,
ixed at 56@57c ₰ bush.

ontinues secure, with prices strong
s. We quote as follows: Bran
00 ₰ ton, and middlings at $28 00
on seed meal is firm at $30 00 ₰
arload for the best goods.

ntinues quiet at nominally 9@c ₰
all way.

We quote choice hand-picked pea
60@3 70; screened at $3 50@3 60,
ened are at $3 40@3 55, and hand-
50@3 65 for the best; choice im-
w eyes at $3 10@3 15; old-fash-
at $3@3 10, and red kidneys at
₰ bush. Peas are steady at 85@86c
common roasting, and $1 10@1 15
anada. Split peas are unchanged
₰ bbl, with green peas at $1 60@
for choice Western and Northern

rices are steady. We quote West-
at $2 70@2 90 ₰ bush; Northern at
₰ bush; Wes ern clover at 8½@9c ₰
thern at 9½@10c per lb; re.-t p at
sack. Hungarian is nominally
nd millet at $1 30 ₰ bush.

e quote choice Baldwin and Russets
5; Eastern freshly packed goods at
some russets higher, while No. 2
nal at $1 75@2 00 per bbl. Evapo-
remain steady at 12@14c, fancy
e Northern and Eastern sliced and
mand 5@7½c per lb; North Caro-
7@9c in small lots; but a un-
rs. We quote Palermo and Messina
@4 ₰ box and $4 00@5 50 ₰
firm, with sales at prices given.
s sell at $6 00@8 00 ₰ case; Pal-
@5 00 per box; Messina at $4 00@
encia at $10@11 ₰ case for ordi-
ns, and fancy Messina oranges com-
5 50 ₰ box. Aspinwall bananas
$2 50@3 50 per bunch, and Malaga
ve at $8 00@10 00 ₰ bbl for com-
go grade heavy-weight goods at

—Pric s are unchanged. Good for-
are in fair demand, but there are
offering. We quote Aroostook
@1 15 ₰ bush; Northern Rose at
Prolifics at 90c@$1; Peerless at 85
h; Jacksons at 70c@80c; White
@75c, and Davis s edlings at 90@
and European at 70@75c per bush.
een scarce at $3 50 per t bl for Jer-

MARKET, BOSTON.

otail Prices.

easily for the Ploughman, for the week ending April 8.

BEEF, &c.

...@28	Beef Liver.....	7@8
...@17	Beef Tongue.....	12@14
...@17	Corned Beef.....	9@13
...@12	Smoked Beef.....	10@12
...@12	Beef Tongue, salt.	11@14
...@12		
11@13	Smoked Shoulder..	9@10
12@13	Smoked Ribs.....	9
12@13	Sausages.....	11@12
9@10	Pigs' Feet.....	5@6
11@12	Lard, leaf.....	10@14

eal and Mutton.

7@8	Mutton, ₰ lb.....	10@20
8@10	Mutton, shoulder.	10@14
10@17	Sp'g Lamb, ₰ 2 00@4 00	

ultry, Game, &c.

18 @ 20	Pigeons, wild, doz....	@
18 @ 20	Philadel.squabs 4 50@5 00	
@ 20	Widgeon, pair 50 @ 75	
@ 25	Teal, ₰ pair.....	25@30
75@1 25	Snipe, dozen... 3 00@4 50	
	Peep, dozen.....	50
1 50@2 00	Brant, ₰ pair.. 1 50@2 00	
50@1 25	Yellow Legs, doz	50
00 @ 00	Plovers, dozen..	00
25@1 50	Rabbits, each...	15
5 00	Venison, ₰ lb..	10@ 25
	Antelope.....	@
5 00	Pigs, roasting.. 3 00@4 00	
Bacon, pr.....		@ 00

utter, Cheese, &c.

	Fair to good do..	12@17
45	Farm.....	11@14
	Rose.....	
20@42	Cape.....	24@25
20@42	Eastern.....	21@22
20@42	Northern.....	20@21
15@18	Western.....	22@23
12@15	Cheese.....	@

uit and Vegetables.

75 @1 00	Tomatoes, lb..	@1 25
@ 50	Do. Berm'da, qt	@ 30
@ 60	Cocoanuts, each.	15@ 20
@ 60	Citrons, each..	@
	Rose.....	
	Potatoes, bush!	2@3 00
25@ 75	Sweet Pot's, ₰	@ 1 00
	Turnips, peck..	@ 50
	Beets, bush..	25@ 1 00
	Beans—	
	White, dry, pk	87 @1 00
	Lima, quart..	@ 25
	Cabbages,....	@ 50
75@ 1 50	Parsnips, pk....	@ 50
	Onions, per pk..	@ 50
	Cauliflowers a..	@ 75
	Celery, ₰ root..	@ 75
	Lettuce ₰ head	@ 50
	Squashes—	
	Hubbard, ₰....	@ 6
	Marrow, &c....	@ 5
	Turban.....	@ 6
	Cucumbers, each	@ 25
	Egg Plants, ea.	@ 50
	Herbs, gr'n, b'h	@ 25
25@1 00	Cranberries....	@ 10
	Cucumbers....	50@ 75
	Marrows.....	@ 50
	Lemons.....	@ 50
	Lyche see Nuts, imp, bunch....	@ 50
	per doz.....	@ 25
	Rhubarb, ₰....	15@ 20
	Artichokes, ₰ bush	@ 1 00
per dozen.....		@ 50
ons, dozen.....		@ 60
	per dozen.....	@ 60
	.....	@ 1 00
	.....	@ 50
	.....	@ 75
	.....	@ 50
	.....	@ 50
	.....	@ 50

The Poet's Corner.

THE EASTER SONG FROM "FAUST."

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is risen!
Joy to mortality,
Swathed in venality,
Inborn brutality,
And in a prison.

CHOIR OF WOMEN.

With spices anointed,
Tearfully dressed,
The faithful appointed
Had laid Him to rest.
The bands we unwound
And wrappings with fear;
Ah! and we found
Christ no more here.

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is risen,
The infinite Lover,
O'er sin's sad endeavor,
The victor forever;
Blessed be the Savior!

CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Has the entombed One
Risen to realms above,
Life and its glories won,
Safe in Almighty love?
Feels he the ecstacy
Near the Creator's throne?
Ah! on the earthly breast
Stay we to moan.
Left He His faithful
To languish behind!
Master we long for
Thy fortune kind!

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen
Out of corruption's cloy!
Loosen your fetters,
Worship with joy!
Praise Him actively,
Proving your love,
Feasting fraternally,
Preaching persuasively,
Promise all bliss above;
Your Master is near—
With you is here.

San Francisco, Dec. 8, 1881. W. F. S.

Ladies' Department.

AN EDUCATED WOMAN.

BY M. F. HOLMAN.

"And you really are not ashamed of me, father?"

"Never, my daughter."

It was a tear-stained face that Molly lifted, but all other signs of grief had disappeared, in the surprise with which she heard this assertion.

"Well, I can't understand it at all, father."

"Then don't try. Dinner is waiting for us now; we'll talk more about it another time."

Molly Bennett, with a score of other girls and half as many boys, made up the senior class in the Wellfield high school. After four years of school life together, the time for graduation was near. Mathematics, Greek and kindred subjects had faded into present nothingness before the much-discussed questions of class-name and badge and motto and class-color. These were at last decided upon and peace for a time anticipated, when the class was one morning thrown into a greater commotion than ever before by the assignment of the "honors."

There had been little doubt during the last year as to who should have the valedictory, but beyond that the claimants for honors included nearly every member of the class. As the number of essays to be given out was limited to six, there remained, as a mathematical necessity, at least, 25 disappointed boys and girls to talk the matter over. Everybody has heard such talk. There was a great deal of it, and some tears; truth compels me to add that not a few ungracious remarks were made about all parties concerned. The teachers came in for a portion; they had marked by favoritism and not justice; but that was too old a topic to be long interesting, and the school board was given a turn.

"Minnie Janes, Principal's pet! of course she must have an essay; and Alice Smith, because her father don't like the high school any too well, you know."

"Fred Dashiell! good thing to live in a fine house and come to school on a bicycle!"

"Fred always makes a recitation, though," exclaimed Garry Long, one of the younger girls.

"Because he is a first-class guesser," responded the first speaker.

"Guessing is knowing, if one guesses right," laughed Garry, but no one minded what she said very much. Garry had been lame from babyhood, and was just "a good little thing,"—that was all.

Each holder of a fortunate ticket in these appointments was warmly discussed, and the others who had failed to receive were almost without exception, in somebody's opinion, very badly treated and ought to "make a fuss" about it. It was in the hottest of this strife that the scene at the opening of my story occurred.

Molly Bennett had a kind heart, a pleasant face, and overflowing good spirits. Her ability as a scholar was not remarkable, so that although she studied conscientiously and with hearty good will, she constantly failed to record as brilliant results as many less diligent students. Molly knew perfectly well that she was not a great scholar, but somehow her sense of merited reward, of honor really earned, seemed to claim that reward for the diligent worker, and not for the lucky holders of high numbers. So it came to pass that all through the latter part of her course in the high school Molly had cherished a flattering little hope that *her* name would receive honorable mention, with the right to be represented by a essay at graduation. In girlhood's dreamy fashion she had sometimes pictured this day of her first triumph, her own success and her father's consequent pride.

But now it was all over; one would have thought that great disgrace had fallen upon Molly as she walked rapidly home from school and into the house. The sober, flushed face told of something unusual, and at her father's question, "Headache, Molly?" she sank into a chair and cried heartily.

To the questions of both father and mother Molly could at first make no reply; but at last she sobbed: "Oh, no! I'm not sick at all; but I've lost it, and I've studied so hard, and you both expected me to get it."

Just what their daughter had lost and in what dear hope they were to be disappointed was not quite clear. Boys are given to talking largely of their plans, of "When I graduate, you know," and "If I get the valedictory;" but a healthy girl nature is less lavish of its confidences. For this reason farther explanation was necessary before Molly's distress was understood by her parents.

Their hearty assurance that they were well pleased with the results of her high-school course, did much to mitigate the sharpness of disappointment, but the pain was too genuine for an instant cure.

"It seems to me I'm a failure," insisted Molly.

"And to me that you are a success," comforted her father; "you have been faithful and persevering; we have felt that uniformly you did your honest best."

"Then you must think I am an awful dunce," said Molly, mournfully.

"I can't hear my daughter slandered in my presence," was the reply, "so shan't run away to my work before you call any more hard names."

Molly's nature was too cheery to admit of long storms; strengthened by the ready sympathy which she met at home, the following morning found her very much the same happy girl as generally ran down the walk to join some friend on the way to school. Once there, as might be expected, the discussion was renewed "bright and early."

Maude Kirkland had the floor: "My father says it's all a fraud, and he is going to have something done about it."

A poorly concealed smile went round, for Maude was noted as an utter dunce.

"Going to secure the valedictory for you, Maudie?" asked somebody.

"My father and mother are perfectly satisfied," said Molly.

"Sour grapes," said Laura Sherman, putting her head on one side and squinting upward, after the manner of the fox in the fable.

"Of course they say so now," suggested some one else. "Why haven't they told you before?"

Molly hadn't thought of that; why not? indeed! She put the question to her father the same evening. For answer he opened his desk and handed her something which made her heart beat and her eyes fill.

It was a case containing a pretty watch and chain in fulfillment of a promise dependent upon her successful completion of the high school course.

"Notice the bill, Molly," said her father, "it was a month old, and pretty clear proof that honors and essays and high per cents had not been her father's understanding of "successful."

Graduation day came and went. There was the usual round of exercises and 31 boys and girls were added to the ever-widening tide of humanity which seeks success in the world's great ways.

Boys and girls I call them. Why? because I like the terms; they savor strongly of nature and youth and of a healthy promise that by and by thirty and one genuine men and women shall have gained the inheritance of the good, the true, and the beautiful. Ladies, too, they will be, and gentlemen, in the best sense of the words; for that is included in being honest men and women.

Molly's father thought a great deal about his daughter and her future after the affair of the class honors. He was not satisfied that she seemed to consider her education completed by the framing and hanging of her diploma on the wall of her room. Had he followed a very particular fashion, he would have put all the blame on the schools and berated the whole system as barren of all good results. "O, yes!" he would have said, "all very fine these public schools; great, costly buildings, crowds of teachers, courses of study that sound well, but I'd like to see some practical results."

Something of this sort, Mr. Danforth, one of his neighbors, had often said to him, and now that Molly, his only child, was through with the schools, the opportunity was taken for another attack. Greatly to Mr. Danforth's surprise, he found Mr. Bennett "of the same opinion still."

"Wholly unreasonable," he said, "to expect a thorough knowledge of any subject in a girl of eighteen. She has learned a few fundamental principles and memorized certain facts; these will serve as an outline which she must fill in from the world of books and nature and society. I do not look for anything more."

"After twelve years at school," fairly groaned Mr. Danforth.

Looking at his daughter's education in the schools by the light of common sense, Mr. Bennett arrived at certain correct conclusions. It was impossible in the many subjects to which attention had been given that anything but the merest outline could have been acquired. The great problems of nature and science, over which mature minds in all the long ages have pondered unceasingly, how could any young student have gained insight into such themes.

He did not ridicule Molly's ignorance or indulge in ill-founded remarks about the teaching she had received. Not all enough some of the questionings frequently revealed an utter inability to apply some very common-place attainment of the school-room. The spirit of kind interest in which these questionings were made awoke in Molly's mind a desire to be able to meet them. To prove if this were so, her father never failed to bring up the same subject a second time, and the interest thus awakened often developed much profitable thought on both sides.

About this time, Mr. Bennett bought a large tract of poor unpromising land.

"Bad investment," said his croaking neighbor.

"So you said of Molly's schooling," was the good-natured reply; "time will tell."

A double development of resources began. On the farm, one ragged stretch of hilly pasture land proved the deposit of a valuable building stone, and ere many months went by a productive quarry was being worked. Molly had always "stood well" in geology; here was an object-lesson in the grand science which made her bring out her text-book and compare its pages with the beautiful stone leaves upon which God had written the earth's story long ago. In their rides and rambles about the quarry, father and daughter grew well acquainted, and the next winter's evenings found them enjoying many of the best books upon geology and mineralogy.

Railroads and lumber yards made heavy demands upon another portion of the land, which was heavily wooded. Mr. Bennett's presence was required almost every day, and Molly frequently his companion. Such treasures of plant and animal life as were unlocked to her eager mind! The variety and beauty of the trees, their modes of growth and the delicate perfection of their blossoms; that was a grand chapter in botany. Another scarcely more exquisite was opened in the multitudes of tender, beautiful flowers growing in the shaded wood-paths, where the sunlight steals timidly and the dreamy music of the wind is the only sound. The botanical society in the town received one very enthusiastic new member, and the contents of Molly's specimen box always called out exclamations of delight. "Such perfect beauties!" "Where do you find everything?"

Then the birds. It was an old saying with Molly that their noises all sounded just alike to her; but a year after her graduation she would have resented such a remark about her feathered friends with much the same wrath which a young mother displays when all babies are said to "look just alike." She had learned the aristocratic laws of the black-bird family and knew their rich, well-assured notes; roystering old Bobolink was her friend, and the swallows and warblers and sparrows were too well learned to be often mistaken. In this delightful science her father had been her constant companion, reviving the knowledge and loves of his boyhood days.

All this time it never occurred to Molly to be surprised by her own delight in books which had often before proved dull and uninteresting. In the writings of the great thinkers who had been able to get behind nature and interpret her secret love for others she found consolation and confidence in the way she could herself observe, with the added advantage of superior thought and wider research.

Molly's oft-repeated request that she might help her father in some way, "really help," was the more urgent as he noted his increasing business and consequent increasing care and weariness. Grandpapa Smith had abundant exercise. There were family letters to write, home accounts to keep, bills and receipts to look after. A discouraging mistake now and then caused some confusion, but a prudent father did not say it was "just like an educated woman," it was more likely to be something like this, "Never mind, Molly, I have yet to see your first misspelled word."

To father and mother their daughter was well-nigh indispensable, and every one who knew Molly Bennett found in her an intelligent, capable woman, whose hands were as ready with their service as her heart with its sympathy.

The purchase of the unpromising land had proved a most paying enterprise, and in view of these two facts Mr. Danforth had long ago dropped the subject of "paying investments."

Inclination draws me to a moral for the benefit of good fathers and mothers; my young girl friends would never forgive me if I did not answer them.

Yes, most certainly, and I have visited Molly (Bennett no more) in her own home. Her diploma, now seven or eight years old, is matched by a similar document bearing the seal of a medical college.

I never saw a pleasanter home nor better children than Molly Jr., Nellie and little Ben.—*Springfield Sunday Republican.*

AN AESTHETIC LUNCH.

A gothic window, where a damask curtain
Made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain;
A slab of agate on four eagle talons,
Held trimly up and neatly taught to balance;
A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Black grapes hung down, dead ripe and without lustre;
A melon cut in three delicious slices;
A castor, that seemed mosaic work in spices;
Two china cups, with golden tulips sunny,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;
And she and I the banquet scene completing
With dreamy words—and very pleasant eating!
—*T. B. Aldrich.*

LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

Those who visited the poet in his later years found him in that picturesque old house, built before 1747 by Col. John Vassall, whose family stone in the Cambridge church-yard bears only the goblet and the sun—a scal. It was a lady of the same family who there had a slave buried at her head and another at her feet, as Longfellow himself has sung. After Col. Vassall, the house passed to his son, a high-bred tory, who forfeited all in the Revolution; then Gen. Washington had it for his headquarters; then Thomas Tracy, enriched by privateering; then Andrew Craigie, a wealthy commissary in the Revolution army and the builder of the bridge between Cambridge and Boston which still preserves his name. The house had its stately halls, its cavernous recesses, its secret crypts; from one of which hiding places came forth mysteriously, dropping night by night upon the stairs, those letters yellow with age, and recording some dim family secret, which have been made the theme of one of Saxe Holm's best stories, 'Esther Wynn's Love-Letters." In this stately old house dwelt the venerable poet, who was usually to be found in his simple study, rich with the accumulations of literary luxury. One might find him seated with Coleridge's inkstand before him, perhaps answering one of the vast accumulations of letters from the school children of western cities—an enormous mass of correspondence, which was a little while a delight, and then became a burden. Before him was a carved book-case containing a priceless literary treasure,—the various editions of his works, and, what was far more valuable, the successive manuscripts of each, carefully preserved and bound under his direction, and often extending to three separate copies: the original MS, the MS as revised for the printer, and the corrected proofs. More than once have his friends urged him to build a fire-proof building for these unique memorials, as Washington did for his papers, but the calm and equable author always answered, "If the house burns, let its contents go also."—*New York Evening Post*

OUR BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago
Off trudged to work with shouldered hoe
A woman, barefoot, browned and rough,
With pluck of Puritanic stuff.
Six lusty children tagged behind,
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,
And happy as the birds that flew
About them. Naught of books they knew,
Save one they read at twilight hour,
Brought with them in the staunch Mayflower.
* * * *
A pretty lady, thin and white,
In a hammock swinging light,
Languishes, and in the shade
Devours rhyme and lemonade,
While bending near, her lover sighs,
And gently fans away the flies.
She murmurs, "'Tis so nice that we
Are neither of low family,
But of old Puritanic stock,
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."
—*From the Harvard Lampoon.*

A QUEER FELLOW TRAVELER.

A TRUE STORY.

Some years ago I had occasion to take a long journey to the north—a journey which would involve my traveling all night. A few days before, I had received an invitation from a friend of mine who lived at a town which I had to pass, to dine and stay the night at his house; an invitation which I gladly accepted, as it would prove a pleasant break in the monotony of the journey. I resolved therefore to so arrange matters as to arrive at his house in time for dinner, and to proceed to my destination next morning. When the day arrived I was very busy; so, after a hurried lunch, I packed up a few necessaries and rushed off to Euston, where I arrived with just two minutes to spare. I asked for my train, which the guard pointed out, adding, "If you don't hurry up, sir, you'll lose it." I took his advice, and jumped into the nearest first-class compartment, the door of which stood open, and in which there was but one other occupant. I settled myself for my journey, and for the first time had leisure to observe my fellow-traveler. Now I rather pride myself on being a judge of physiognomy, and my first impressions of him were the reverse of pleasant. He was evidently a fidgety nervous sort of man; he had restless gray eyes, without much expression in them; while his hair and beard were of a reddish hue. He was dressed in a long ulster, which I thought quite unnecessary, for though it was late in the year, the weather was by no means cold. There was on the seat beside him a small oaken box, strongly bound with brass; and his eyes were constantly glancing from this box to me in a way that I did not at all like. I began to have visions of Fenian plots, infernal machines, and I do not know what. After regarding me steadily for a few minutes, he said,

"Is it possible, sir, that you are not aware of this carriage being reserved for State officials?"

I looked around, and seeing no indication of the fact, replied that,

"I was not aware of such being the case."

"Then, sir," he replied, "I must beg of you instantly to vacate it, and leave me here in solitary silence."

Considering that the train was then going at the rate of about forty miles an hour, and would not stop until it reached a small station half-way to my destination in about an hour's time, I could not quite see how I was to comply with his request, or rather command; and I frankly told him so, adding that "I had as much right there as he had, and did not intend moving."

He replied with a solemn air,

"Then your fate be on your own head."

This began to frighten me, for the man's manner convinced me that he must be insane; and the prospect of an hour's journey shut up in a first-class railway carriage with a mad-man was not calculated to raise my spirits. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and affected to be engrossed with my newspaper, though in reality I was watching his every movement. He suddenly seized hold of the wooden box and held it on his knees, mumbling some inarticulate words, then suddenly replaced it beside him. In doing so, I caught a glimpse of the butt of a pistol sticking out of his pocket. Here was a pretty dilemma; shut up in a railway carriage with a man who was decidedly insane, and armed with a revolver or pistol; while I had nothing more defensive than an umbrella and a roll of papers, which, in consequence of their bulk, I was compelled to carry in my hand. Presently he began again.

"Have you studied the marvelous powers of electricity, may I ask?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have," said he; "and have arrived at such a pitch of perfection that, aided by the contents of this box, I could blow this train, and everybody in it, to infinitesimal atoms."

"But," I hazarded, "how about yourself?"

"I should calmly mount into the air, and survey the scene without injury."

"How?" said I.

"That," he replied, "is my business; look to yourself."

Pleasant this, for me! However I made some remark which seemed to satisfy him; and he lapsed again into silence. I felt more than ever convinced of his madness, thinking he had probably escaped from some private asylum, for he was evidently a gentleman; yet I could not understand what the box could be which he guarded so jealously. I felt sorry for him, in spite of my dangerous situation. I then tried another tack, and made several commonplace remarks to him; to all of which he answered in monosyllables, suddenly bursting out with,

"Do you dare to address me, sir, without having first disclosed to me who you are? Your temerity surprises me!"

I thought it best to humor him, and handed him my card, on which was inscribed, "J. B. Smith, Quality Court."

"Ha, I guessed you were a smith; you look like one; a blacksmith, if I may judge by the smuts on your face." Here he broke into a maniacal laugh. When he had finished laughing, he said, "Do you want to know who I am?"

I said I thought I might as well know his name, if he did not mind.

"Well," said he, leaning forward, and peeping into my eyes, keeping one hand on the box, "when you first jumped into the carriage I was the Khan of Tartary; but the wonders of electricity are such that I am even now changing; I may be anybody in a few hours, or even minutes." I suppose I looked surprised; for he went on, "Ah, you look surprised, but perhaps you will hardly believe that my temper depends on who I may happen to meet. Not long ago I was conversing with some friends, and I suddenly changed into the King of Siam, and before they could get out of my way I bit three of their fingers off. You should have seen them scatter. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean it."

"O, yes I do; but do not be alarmed. I am never dangerous unless I happen to assume that character."

Then he sat quiet, and I was thankful for a little peace. On looking at my watch I found that we had yet another quarter of an hour before the train would stop. How I wished the time away! for I fully intended to change my carriage at the next stopping station. All at once, to my alarm, he said quite unconcernedly,

"I feel it my solemn duty to inform you that I am changing, and that in a few minutes I shall be the King of Siam."

Instinctively I looked around for some means of escape, at the same time grasping my umbrella firm, resolved at least to sell my fingers dearly. Never shall I forget the feeling of thankfulness with which I heard the whistle of the train announcing our approach to the next station. I collected my things together near me, so as to be prepared for a hasty exit, the more so as I noticed the feelings of his Majesty of Siam were being worked up to a pitch of excitement, and the way he showed his teeth would have terrified a less nervous man than myself. As we neared the station the train slackened speed, and at last stopped. Just as I jumped out the maniac made a spring at me, but I fortunately avoided him and slammed the door in his face. I got into the next compartment, which was empty; and as the guard closed the door, I called out, "Here, I say, guard, there is a madman in—" But the whistle drowned the rest of my sentence, and the train moved off before I had time to complete it. I sat still in a horrible state of nervousness, expecting I hardly knew what.

At last the train stopped at the station for which I was bound, and I jumped out. As I passed the carriage I could see him sitting there quietly; and I went into the station-master's room and told him shortly what had happened, advising him to take some means of securing him. He promised to telegraph, but said it was no business of his; and with this assurance I had to be content.

I then went off to my friend's house, where I arrived just in time for dinner. I suppose the traces of my fright still remained, for no sooner did I enter the dining-room than my host exclaimed,

"Why, what is the matter, old man? You've not met a ghost on the road, have you?"

I told him I had seen somebody a good deal worse than a ghost; and, during dinner, I related my adventure, upon which they all congratulated me on my lucky escape. After dinner I went off early to bed, pleading fatigue and the next day's business as my excuse.

When I awoke in the morning, I found my host ready for breakfast; and I joined him at once, as my train left in an hour's time. As I shook hands with him at the station, he remarked that he should like to hear of the man being caught.

I transacted my business; and, as I had time to spare, I turned into the first hotel I came to, and walked up into the billiard-room, where I met Fred Charlton, an old schoolfellow of mine, who was playing billiards with three other fellows. He seemed surprised to see me, and asked me how I got there. I told him I had come down there early that morning; and I then proceeded to give him a sketch of my adventurous journey of the night before. Fred smiled, and said,

"Ah, yes, old man; I heard something about it."

"*You* heard something?" I said. "From whom?"

"Well," he replied, "I'll tell you all about it, for the benefit of the company. Old Harris, the diamond merchant, told me last night that he had just come down from London. When he had taken his seat in the carriage at Euston all alone, just as the train started, some fellow rushed at the carriage, and jumped in. Harris said he did not much like the look of the fellow; and as he had about eight thousand pounds' worth of diamonds with him in a small box, he began to feel uncomfortable. Well the stranger was a strong active man, and that if it had come to a struggle for the diamonds Harris would have had no chance—for he evidently felt sure the fellow meant robbery; so he determined to try and frighten him out of the carriage by pretending madness, which he says he did so effectually that the fellow, in sheer fright, bolted at the first passage, and left him to finish his journey here alone. But we did know that you were the hero, old man, said Fred, as the whole four burst into such a shout of laughter as I never heard before. "You must stay, and be introduced to him afresh; and he will be here to-night."

I did not stop to hear anything more. I rushed down stairs, thoroughly realizing that I had been made a fool, caught the first train home, and have not shown myself in that neighborhood since.—*Selected.*

JERUSALEM THE NEW-BORN.

BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUTLER.

Jerusalem the new-born,
The songful and the true;
When may the souls that seek thee
Feel thy baptismal dew?
When shall the hearts here mournful
Find thee their spirits's guest,
And find this truth by seeking:
Jerusalem is rest?

Jerusalem the wonderful,
Thou miracle of love!
In thee are peace and honor,
The Holy Spirit's Dove.
We fain would all be glorified,
In all thy mansions blest,
And find when we from earth have died,
Jerusalem is rest.

Jerusalem, the fadeless realm
Where death nor sin is known;
The Star of Bethlehem is thy gem,
The love of God thy throne;
And there the singers' voices blend
With sainted ones most blest;
And every age that saves a soul
Creative is in rest.

Jerusalem the conqueror,
The stainless home, the pure;
The victors are all priests and kings,
All souls that shall endure.
Thou has no vileness in thy paths,
No hearts by sin opprest,
For all who dwell in thee have made
Jerusalem their rest.

Jerusalem, all glory,
All majesty divine!
Write now in me the story
Whose words eternal shine.
I need thy strength to lift me
From earthly scenes unblest;
Earth's tempests cannot drift me
From thee, my home, and rest.
—*The Watchman.*

A MISSING BABY.

A woman was wheeling a baby wagon carefully across the Campus Martius yesterday, when several men screamed to her to "Look out!" and a span of horses, driven wildly, came tearing across as if about to demolish everybody. With the persist nce of her sex, however, the woman looked the other way, and in a moment the baby buggy was overthrown, and lay turned over in a heap while the carriage kept on up Woodward avenue without even slacking speed.

One man in a spring overcoat and sunflower gloves ran and turned the buggy up, and found the baby dead underneath. A crowd and a number of ladies shrieked and begged of him to get the "dear little thing out." Several gentlemen who had been leaning in musing mood against the Detroit Opera House essayed to help him, but, though they righted the buggy, no baby was seen. "It's smothered in the mud!" shrieked one of the ladies.

"It must have clung to the horses and have been carried off, suggested another.

"How did it get away?" they all asked.

"No doubt the poor little thing is dead by this time," said another kindly matron. "Have you looked all through the things."

At this moment it occurred to some of them that the mother would be the right person to appeal to, and they turned to her. She was standing coolly on the crossing, arms-a-kimbo, watching the proceedings.

"The baby is all right," she said, airly. "I left her at home while I took the buggy for to bring the washing. Hev you got all the pieces picked up? cos if you have, I may as well be goin' on!"

To see the disgust impressed on the countenances of all interested was a study in human nature. Not one of the crowd was glad that baby was safe at home. They would much rather have picked it out of the mud? But each one recalled the fact that a man was hung once for not attending to his own business, and sneaked off!—*Detroit Free and Tribune.*

HANDLING A TENNESSEE CROWD.

A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of that State. Reaching a town in the central part of that State, he went to a dealer in agricultural impiements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply.

"But how had I best proceed?"

"Well, you kin put her up over the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd I guess no one will object."

"Very well."

"Next Tuesday is market-day, and there'll be heaps of f'ks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd?"

"Yes."

"Set the old thing going, and ask the boys over to drink something."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanations, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"If you have to talk any more, tell them there's another drink ahead."

"I see."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot you on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row ask the whole crowd out to drink."

"Yes, but"—

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yaller purp begin to bristle up, ask the crowd to step over and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want, of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the windmill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me to take sunthin?"

THE STORY OF "JANET."

The Rev. Murdoch Soulis was long minister of the moorland parish of Balweary, in the Vale of Dule. A severe, bleak-faced old man, dreadful to his hearers, he dwelt in the last years of his life without relative, or servant, or any human company, in the small and lonely manse under the Hanging Shaw. In spite of the iron composure of his features, his eye was wild, scared, and uncertain; and when he dwelt, in private admonitions, on the future of the impenitent, it seemed as if his eye pierced through the storms of time to the terrors of eternity. The manse itself, where it stood by the water of Dule, among some thick trees, with the Shaw overhanging it on one side, and on the other many cold, moorland hill-tops rising toward the sky, had begun at a very early period of Mr. Soulis's ministry to be avoided in the dusk hours by all who valued themselves upon their prudence; and gudemen sitting at the ale house shook their heads together at the thought of passing late by that dreary neighborhood. There was one spot, to be more particular, which was regarded with especial awe. The manse stood between the high road and the water of Dule, the house was two stories high, with two large rooms on each. It opened not directly on the garden, but on a causewayed path, or passage, giving on the road on one hand, and closed on the other by the tall willows and elders that bordered on the stream. And it was this strip of causeway that enjoyed among the young parishioners of Balweary so infamous a reputation. The minister walked there often after dark, sometimes groaning aloud in the intensity of his unspoken prayers; and when he was from home, and the manse door was locked, the more daring school boys ventured, with beating hearts, to "follow my leader" across that legendary spot.

Many, even of the people of the parish, were ignorant of the cause of the minister's strange looks and solitary life. Fifty years before, when Mr. Soulis came first into Balweary, he was still a young man, full of book-learning and grand at expounding it, but, as was natural in so young a man, with no experience as a pastor. The younger sort were greatly taken with his gifts and his life; but old, concerned, serious men and women saw with sorrow the spiritual pride of the young man, whom they took to be a self-deceiver, and the parish that was like to be so ill supplied. There was no doubt, anyway, but that Mr. Soulis had been a long time at college. He was careful and troubled for many things beside the one thing needful. He had a great number of books with him—more than had ever been seen before in all that presbytery; and hard work the carrier had with them, for they were heavy, all like to have stopped behind in Deil's Hag, between Balweary and Kilmakerlie. He desired to get an old, decent woman to keep the manse for him, and see to his dinners; and he was recommended to an old crone—Janet M'Clour, they called her. They were many advised him to the contrary, for Janet was more than suspected by the best folk in Balweary. Long before that she had borne a child to a dragoon, she had not come to communion for, maybe, thirty years; and boys had heard her mumbling to herself up on Key's Loan in the gloaming, which was an unusual time and place for a God-fearing woman. However, it was the laird himself that had first told the minister of Janet; and in those days he would have been a great way to please the laird. When folks told him that Janet was sold to the devil, it was all superstition, he said. When it got about the village that Janet M'Clour was to be servant at the manse, the folks were fairly mad with both him and her; and some of the women had nothing better to do than get round her door-steps and charge her with all that was known against her, from the unco soldier at the cross to John Tomson's two cows. Up she got, and there was not an old story in Balweary but she made somebody smart for it that day; they couldn't say one thing, but she could say two to it, till, at last, the gudewives caught hold of her and clawed the clothes off her back, and pulled her down the road to the very yett of the kirk-yard, to see if she were a witch, and would sink or swim. The hag shrieked till you could hear her at the Hanging Shaw, and she fought hard. There was many a gude wife bore the mark of her next day and many a long day after; and just in the hottest of the hubbub, who should come up but the new minister.

"Women," said he, (and he had a grand voice,) "I charge you in the Lord's name to let her go."

Janet ran to meet him—she was fairly wild with terror—and clung to him, and prayed him, for Christ's sake, to save her from her tormentors; and they, for their part, told him all that was known, and may be more.

"You want to be Janet, "is this true?"

"As the Lord sees me," says she, "as the Lord made me not a word of it. Saving the child," says she, "I've been a decent woman all my days."

"Will you," says Mr. Soulis, "in the name of God, and before me, his unworthy minister, renounce the devil and his works?"

Well, it would appear that when he asked that, she gave a groan that fairly frightened those who saw her, and they could hear her teeth grind together in her jaws; but there was nothing for it but the one way or the other; and Janet lifted up her hand, and renounced the devil before them all.

"And now," said Mr. Soulis to the good women, "home with you, one and all, and pray to God for his forgiveness."

And he gave Janet his arm, though she had little on but a shift, and took her up the road to her own door like a lady of the land; and her screeching and laughing was heard a mile.

There were many solemn-faced people long over their prayers that night; but when the morning came there was such fear fell upon all Balweary that the children hid themselves, and even the men folk stood and peeped from their doors. For there was Janet coming down the road—her or her likeness, none could tell—with her neck disjointed, and her head on one side like a body that has been hanged, and a look on her face like an unburied corpse. By and by they got used to it, and even looked at her to see what was wrong; but from that day forth she could not speak like a Christian woman, but stuttered and stammered, and the name of God came never on her lips. Sometimes she tried to say it, but it might not be. Those who knew best, said least; but they never gave that Thing the name of Janet M'Clour, for the old Janet, they thought, was in the deepest hell by this time. But the minister was neither to hold nor to bind; he preached about nothing but the cruelty of the devil that had given her a stroke of the palsy; he punished the children that tormented her, and he had her up to the manse that same night and dwelt there all alone with her under the Hanging Shaw.

About the end of June there came a spell of weather the like of which never was known before; it was close and hot, and breathless; and yet it was gusty, too, with blasts of wind that whistled through the glens, and bits of showers that moistened nothing. Mr. Soulis could neither eat nor sleep, and when he was not writing at his weary book he would be roaming over the countryside like a man possessed, when everybody else was glad to keep cool within the house.

Above the Hanging Shaw, in the bend of the Black Hill, there is a bit of inclosed ground with an iron gate, at one time the churchyard of Balweary, and consecrate; by the papists before the blessed light shone upon the kingdom. It was a great resort of Mr. Soulis's; there he would sit and consider his sermons. Well, as he came over the west end of Black Hill one day, he saw first two, then four, and then seven black crows flying around and around above the old churchyard. They flew low and heavy, and croaked to one another. He was not easily startled, and went straight up to the walls; and what did he see but a man, or the appearance of a man, sitting in the inside upon a grave. He was of great stature and black as coal, and his eyes were singular to see. Mr. Soulis had heard the black man many times; but there was something forbidding about this black man that caused him to start. But up he spoke, for all of that, and said: "My friend, are you a stranger in this place?" The black man answered not a word; he got upon his feet, and began to walk to the wall on the far side; but he still looked at the minister, and the minister stood and looked back, till suddenly the black man was over the wall and running for the shade of the trees. Mr. Soulis, he hardly knew why, ran after him, but he was wearied with his walk and the hot, unwholesome weather; and run as he would, he got no more than a glimpse of the black man among the trees, till he got down to the foot of the hillside, and there he saw him once more, going hop-step-and-jump over Dule water to the manse.

Mr. Soulis was not pleased that this ill-looking creature should make so free with Balweary manse, and he ran the harder, but nor black man was there to be seen. He stepped out upon the road, but there was nobody there; he went all over the garden, but saw no black man. At last, and, it is feared, a little timidly, as was but natural, he lifted the hasp and went into the manse, and there was Janet M'Clour before his eyes, with her broken neck, and none too pleased to see him. And he then remembered that when first he set his eyes upon her he felt the same cold and deadly shiver.

"Janet," said he, "have you seen a black man?"

"A black man!" quoth she. "Save us all! You are not in your right mind, minister. There is not a black man in all Balweary."

But she did not speak plain, you must understand, but champed like a pony with the bits in its mouth.

"Well, Janet," said he, "if there is no black man, I have spoken with the Evil One."

And he sat down like one with a fever, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Pshaw!" said she; "think shame to yourself, minister!" And she gave him some brandy, which she always kept by her.

Soon Mr. Soulis went into his study among his books. Down he sat, and thought of all that had come and gone since he was in Balweary. The more he thought, the more he thought of the black man. He tried to pray, but the words would not come to him; and he tried, they say, to write at his book, but he could not do anything at that. There were times when he thought the black man was at his side, and the perspiration stood on him cold as well water; and there were other times when he came to himself like a Christian child and minded nothing. The upshot was that he went to the window, and stood looking over Dule water. The trees are rather thick, and the water lies deep and black under the manse; and there was Janet washing the clothes, with her skirts gathered about her waist. She had her back to the minister, and he, for his part, hardly knew what he was looking at. Suddenly she turned around and showed her face. Mr. Soulis felt the same cold shiver as twice before on that day, and it reminded him of what people said, that Janet died long since, and this was a demon in her clay cold flesh. He drew back a little and scanned her narrowly. She was washing the clothes, singing to herself; and, oh, God guide us, but it was a frightful face! Then she sang louder, but there was no man born of woman that could tell the words of her song. And at times she looked side-long down, but there was nothing there for her to look at. There went a shudder through the flesh upon the bones, and all the heaven's warning. But Mr. Soulis just blamed himself, he said, to think so ill of a poor, old, afflicted creature who had not a friend but himself. And he offered up a prayer for himself and her, and drank a little water—for his heart rose against the meat—and went up to his bed in the gloaming.

That was a night that has never been forgotten in Balweary, the night of the seventeenth of August, 1712. It had been hot before, as I have said, but that night it was hotter than ever. The sun went down among uncouth-looking clouds; not a star nor a breath of wind. You could not see your hands before your face, and even the old folk cast the covers from their beds and lay panting for their breath. With all that he had upon his mind, Mr. Soulis was troubled; the good, cool bed that he got into scorched his very bones; he slept and wakened; he heard the time of night, and a dog howling up the moor, as if somebody were dead; he thought he heard devils shouting in his ears, and saw ghosts in the room. He must, he thought, be sick, and sick he was—little he understood the sickness.

At last his mind got clearer, and he sat up on the bedside, and fell to thinking once more of the black man and Janet. He could not well tell how—maybe he was light-headed to his feet—but it came in upon him, like a flash, that there was connection between the two, and that either or both of them were demons. And just at that moment in Janet's room, which was next to his, there came a scuffle of feet, as if men were wrestling, and then a loud bang; then a wind went rustling around the four quarters of the house, and then all was once more silent as the grave.

Mr. Soulis was afraid of neither man nor devil. He got his tinder-box and lit a candle, and made three steps toward Janet's door. It was standing ajar, and he pushed it open, and walked boldly in. It was a big room, as big as the minister's, and filled with grand, old, solid furniture, for he had nothing else. There was a four-post bed with old tapestry, and a broad cabinet of oak, that was full of the minister's divinity books, put there to be out of the way, and a few clothes of Janet's lying here and there about the room. But no Janet could Mr. Soulis see, nor any sign of contention. In he went (and there's few that would have followed him), and looked around and listened. But there was nothing to be heard, neither inside the manse nor in all Balweary parish, and nothing to be seen but the little shadows turning round the candle. And then all at once the minister's heart fluttered and stood stock-still, and a cold wave blew among the hairs of his head. "What a weary sight was that in the man's eye! For there was Janet, hanging from a nail beside the old oak cabinet; her head lay on her shoulder, her eyes were bloody, the tongue projected from her mouth, and her heels were three feet clear above the floor.

"God forgive us all!" thought Mr. Soulis, "poor Janet's dead."

He came a step nearer to the corpse, and then his heart fairly leaped in his breast, for, by what magic it would ill-become a man to judge, she was hanging from a single nail, and by a single worsted thread for darning hose.

It's an awful thing to be alone at night with such a prodigy of darkness, but Mr. Soulis was strong in the Lord. He turned and went his way out of the room, locked the door behind him, and went, step by step, down the stairs, heavy as lead, and set down the candle at the stair-foot. He could not pray, he could not think; he was dripping with cold aw at, and nothing could be hear but the thumping of his own heart. He may have stood there an hour, or maybe two, for he could tell—with her neck disjointed